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THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE"

BY DR. S. P. HONNON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OPINION OF THE KITCHEN.

THE viceroy's late counsellor had been born with a genius for accumulation. He had acquired lands and tenements in every direction, and at the time of his decease was in the receipt of a princely revenue. He loaned money to needy lords and tradesmen, and his rental was so large and his mortgages so numerous as to call at one time for the constant service of three secretaries. These, however, owing to a happy discovery, on the part of the counsellor himself, for simplifying his accounts, gradually became reduced to one, who, at the death of his employer, was found by day to ordow as the sole manager of her pecuniary affairs. This was not due to much in particular—for the lady had rarely deigned to notice him—at to the young man's known ability and faithfulness, qualities which had endeared him to the counsellor, who always treated him with respect and spoke of him with admiration.

From the date of her widowhood to that of her conversation with her waiting-woman in the boudoir, the fair senora had never thought of the secretary otherwise than as the latter "who attended to her property;" and had any one asked her the color of his hair or eyes, or whether he was young, middle-aged or positively old, she would have found it difficult to answer. She might possibly, on reflection, have remembered that he was comparatively young and passably good-looking; but in regard to particulars she would have been sadly at fault. Indeed, except upon business occasions, the lady would have shrunk in self-condemnation to have thought of him at all. And certainly there was little to bring him before her mind; for, under his careful management, her affairs moved smoothly; and seeing generally communicated with him through her waiting-woman Ximena, and entering his office herself save on extraordinary occasions, there was no good reason why she should know more of him than persons of high position commonly do of those in their employ with whom they rarely come in contact. Beyond this, the secretary was to her as a stranger whom she would have deemed it an act of presumption to notice in the street.

But the conversation in the boudoir, coupled with the incident that followed, was not without its influence; and whereas she before had felt but little or no interest in the details of her financial concerns, it was marvellous how anxious she was to understand them now; and not, as before, through the medium of her waiting woman, but from the secretary himself. At first, she ordered his office with a button of the wicket at once so influential and authoritative, and desired to see a schedule of her city properties; then of her country estates; and, in fact, of her rentals again, a statement of some or any kind so-and-so'saccount; by and by, a detailed report of her available mortgages; ere long, of her running-out claims; shortly, a detailed catalogue of her various sources of her income; each of which she invariably waited for, much to the astonishment of the secretary, who marvelled at her sudden interest in what previously seemed to give her no concern. On receiving the statement, schedule or report, she would rise and retire; but it was to return ere long for an explanation of certain items and terms whose meaning she did not clearly comprehend. Now it was the interest to counter-entries referred to papers, then to sundry allabd-to bonds and mortgages, and then to certain specified deeds; some of which, on illegible was the writing, she could not make out, at all, and therefore needed the help of the secretary; while others, though more regularly her terms and phrases, required to be read by another or she could comprehend them. Finally, she concluded to "make a memorandum" to have all the documents pertaining to her estates" and form that hour was odious to the lady. In the secretary's office than in the reception-room, and was apparently rewarded by obtaining an insight into the mysteries of her revenue, with the view probably of its future management by business in person, or perhaps, as was more likely, of intrusting the matter of its procedure.

It was observable, however, that the widow never evinced any desire to be in the secretary's office when the secretary himself was not there. Business would now and then call him out for two or three hours at a time, whereupon the lady, talking with her the book or paper under her hand, would retire also. But on reaching the reception room or her own chamber, the book or paper was laid idly down like a thing in which she felt no concern; owing, it might be, to the fancy that she could not understand its legal phraseology without the assistance of an interpreter. On the young man's return, she again resumed her pursuit of the neglected paper and also her chair in the office, with a relish and an air of calm content that contrasted with her previous bitterness and impatience were truly surprising.

In the meanwhile, she was "at home" to the majority of her usual visitors, many of whom not knowing what to make of such treatment, were gratuitously indignant.

The privileged few, among whom was the Marquis de Soriano, construed the fact of their admission into the comforting conviction that the fair widow had dismissed the number of her suitors to the most meritorious, for the purpose of at length making her selection. Under this impression, each called up all his wit and did his best to please during the short audience which the lady was pleased to grant to company.

The gallant marquis was courteously received, but no more than on the occasion; and the wider never once alluded to his duel with Don Juan he was unable to perceive that he had gained any thing in her esteem by his conflict with that worthy. On manifesting the fact to the count, the latter shrugged his shoulders, and laughingly exclaimed:

"Why, what would you have? She must be a pitiful creature indeed who could see any special merit in the man who had moralized her vanity by making her poorer in one bold love the less. Yet, by St. Peter!" added the count-soldier, "she might have complimented the skill with which you parried the proud beaggart. As for myself, Carlos, I didn't think it was in you!"

This was but poor consolation to the marquis; but as it somewhat flattered his vanity, he was content the sweet and wisely threw the bitter away.

The widow's servants did not altogether understand the conduct of their mistress. The cook declared that she had at length decided upon the man, who doubtless was some high personage that no one but herself knew any thing about, but who doubtless was anxious to know whom or what he was to understand them now; and not, as before, through the medium of her waiting woman, but from the secretary himself. At first, she ordered his office with a button of the wicket at once so influential and authoritative, and desired to see a schedule of her city properties; then of her country estates; and, in fact, of her rentals again, a statement of some or any kind so-and-so'saccount; by and by, a detailed report of her available mortgages; ere long, of her running-out claims; shortly, a detailed catalogue of her various sources of her income; each of which she invariably waited for, much to the astonishment of the secretary, who marvelled at her sudden interest in what previously seemed to give her no concern. On receiving the statement, schedule or report, she would rise and retire; but it was to return ere long for an explanation of certain items and terms whose meaning she did not clearly comprehend. Now it was the interest to counter-entries referred-to papers, then to sundry allabd-to bonds and mortgages, and then to certain specified deeds; some of which, on illegible was the writing, she could not make out, at all, and therefore needed the help of the secretary; while others, though more regularly her terms and phrases, required to be read by another or she could comprehend them. Finally, she concluded to "make a memorandum" to have all the documents pertaining to her estates" and form that hour was odious to the lady. In the secretary's office than in the reception-room, and was apparentlyrewarded by obtaining an insight into the mysteries of her revenue, with the view probably of its future management by business in person, or perhaps, as was more likely, of intrusting the matter of its procedure.

PEDRO'S CONFESSION TO THE UNKNOWN MONK.

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however, *could* mention some things which would make certain persons stare. But she would my secret—he, with a wink. Every body that had eyes could see how Leon grossed; and could say person in his station were fools wheels and silk hose as he did, and be what he ought to be? She could tell *some* things that do know; but she wouldn't—no, not for any body. Her friends might come, but never so hard, but she would say nothing that was not over-wise. There was things they were all covered up then; but they were destined to be brought to light some day, and then all the house, and all the neighborhood, too, would turn pale with surprise. But she would say nothing—no, not one word. Some day, it would all come out; every thing comes out in its season; but chamberlain would melt out spelt matters by speaking of them too soon. This, however, she *could* and would say—just as soon as the mistress should survive as a fair understanding of how to instruct his successor. But very fortune Leon would be shown to the door, and be politely requested to stay on the outside. And as for her—bandbox—she would say nothing—no, not one word.

The general waiting-maid, whose business it was to wait upon visitors, and whose heart had quickly wandered off to the secretary's bandbox upon their first interview, thought that the latter ought to be advised of her self to make such mean insinuations against one who had power thus to her home. But every body knew chambermaid's false, malicious tongue was ever clacking slander, and that she would dare to do nothing to injure Leon, and that she had not the impudence to stake behind their backs.

Chamberlain, indeed, had thought to pay her rent—which was wholly unnecessary, as that honorable functionary's wages were punctually paid, and up already—declared that general waiting-maid was beneath her, as she would peil her hair.

Leon, who was a favorite with his master, like a young lioness, and dared her to try it. Whereupon chamberlain, who had been listening, and endeavored to appear very scornful indeed; but she did not succeed so well as she desired, owing to her inability to preserve her lips from trembling, and her cheeks from imitating the color of a very white rose.

"You are afraid!" exclaimed general waiting-maid, contemptuously.

Chambermaid did not say whether this was true or not, but she was cool down by general waiting-maid, the company concluded that it was true. Whereupon chamberlain at once sunk into a reduct.

Ximena, whose delicate spirit shrunk from dwelling on a level with her vulgar fellow-servants, had nothing to say to them on the subject. But she had her own thoughts deeply.

Since the conversation in the boudoir, her mistress had withdrawn her confidence and assumed a cold and distant reserve. The waiting-woman's heart told her the cause, and also the meaning of the widow's steady visits to the secretary.

"Twas I that loved him first!" she murmured. "I that first discovered the many graces of his soul; and he is miles by right. All else were blind to his worth; all dull-eyed to his merits—all deaf to his love. And now to love him—to have another come in and steal him from me—to—to—Ah, and shall I submit to it? Not if my wrist twenty times my mistress! I—I know not what I shall do; I shall be something that shall balance in forfeiture the grievous wrong! And yet," she added, after a sobbing pause, "he has been kind to me, and I caused do aught to wound her. But is it right or fair in her—rich and lightest!—to descend to rivalry with a poor girl? He was in her service for years ere I was, and yet in her nothing of his excellence till my praises called it to her attention. And to take advantage of my confidence and weakness, and meanly step in to supplant me—O, 'tis cruel, base, infamous. I would not serve my bitterest enemy so, and still less can I had promised to be friend! Solitare are here in secret, while I have none—only a hope of one; and that hope she unconsciously step down from her high place to rob me of; nay, daily bids me to go back her, that her every beauty shall shine boldly forth like a dazzling star and let in the achievement of his conquest! "Twas evil, wicked—unreasonable, and unworthy of a once-praised peasant maid, let alone of a high-born lady! O, if I were not tied down by gratitude for past kindness, how soon I'd find a way to make her *feel* the fierceness she has roused! But shall I for any cause yield quietly to this crushing outrage? O, direct me, heaven! for I am sore beset, and my poor heart is molten with agony!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THE WAY IN GRAT SIT OCY ON A JOURNEY AND RECEIVED SOME VERY UNEXPECTED INSTRUCTION.

Beneath the door of an obscure house, in an obscure street, in the lower quarter of the city, stood, about noon, a modest-looking mule, with a sagely-meditative chin would have set it down as a mule whom and with any body for a philosopher. His naturally slender legs were painfully thin, and, together with his shrunken stomach and wasted flanks, bore eloquency of short commons.

He had a lean and hungry air; and if the bones did not actually protrude through his skin, it was perhaps owing to the fact that there was so little bounty that the bones had no need of straining for room. His coat was rough, matted, dry, and void of visible world cattle.

Certain it is, however, that no common person would have taken the animal for a gift; for judging from his appearance, he could hardly live long enough to be taken to a stable. But then we must not always trust to appearances, for the mule, in point of philosophy, though a poor one to look at, was a good one to go," and had been bought and very recently for the sum of five crowns, in view of his ability to carry his purchaser faster than many a better appointed quadruped of his class.

Though evidently familiar only with hard fare, the mule yet seemed, from his eye, to bear up against his bad treatment with the calm indifference of one who has no expectations and does not look for much in this crazy and thankless world.

He was both saddled and bridled, and was patiently waiting for his rider; meanwhile, he beguiled his with an imaginative dinner upon some choice thistles which were tangibly displayed in the form of a small shop on the opposite side of the way, and which he eyed and more accepted with a half-longing and half-indifferent eye that plainly said, "I'll but them—no; but as I cannot get them—" which, in our human translation, means the point above intimated, that he was a veritable philosopher.

But there was also in his eye, half-hidden by his natural air of solemn gravity, an expression of mingled cunning and intelligence that would have informed a judge of mule-flesh that he was in the exercise of an advantage which he knew a great deal more than most persons would be willing to give him credit for; and that if he were placed within reaching distance of a head of cabbage, a sack of corn, a bushel of lettuce, or indeed anything of which hybrids of his class are fond, and the same should suddenly be missed, there would be but little cause for surprise; nay, that any one would see him take it—he would look out for *that*, and also that no fallen fragment should carelessly be left to betray him—but that he would know how, when, and through whom the missing article had so mysteriously disappeared.

Judging from this, there can be no doubt that but for the keeper of the little vegetable shop, who was bearing against and carefully overlooking the hard or table on which his goods were so invitingly set out, the thoughtful, modest-looking mule would have dined upon succulents far more nourishing and substantial than those on which he was regaling in imagination.

But inasmuch as the vegetables were not for him, he was perforce philosophically content to take his time till he could pilfer some elsewhere.

Just as he had apparently finished his last ideal mouthful of the vegetable-dealer's small stock, his new owner, who was no other than our old acquaintance Pequito, stepped slowly from the house, in his original thread-bare suit of grey, and climbing into the saddle, turned him in the direction of the hill, or rather that part of the city which overlooked the river.

The ascent up the steep street proved the capabilities of the mule, who clambered to the top of the pinnion with an ease that induced his master to think favorably of his merit, and to wonder whether if he did so well without dinner, how much his travelling capacity would be increased by the making him up with a meal.

There was an air of mystery in Pequito's manner as he took out of the city. One would have fancied that he was engaged in some enterprise which he was so anxious to hide from himself as from everybody else.

On reaching the high road of the broad open country, however, he took courage and allowed his thoughts to have free play.

"If Saint Phillip could stand by me today," he observed to himself, "I shall make a pretty penny on I go to Leon. And why should he not?" he asked, pleasly. "Have I not, in my liberality, given him an extra candle *a-day* since he so generously bestowed me by the matter of that previous rascal, Mendoza? And ought not that to be taken into account? Surely it is not my intention, in case he be faithful to my interest in this journey, to purchase a candle and give it to the padre of his altar in the cathedral, that it may add to the splendor of the spiritual image, to say nothing of the marvels as I may governor's countenance between this and Leon? It is true I, last evening, at vespers, offered the pedestal a numberless while he was at prayers—for we, poor mules, have to be in and out of season to get an honest living—but as he had squeezed it out of his hard-working pennies and therefore deserved to lose it, and inasmuch as I put a piece of the silver into the poor box, and thereby performed an act of charity, I cannot be out with my self for that. No; a good action balances a bad one all the world over, and, Saint Philip ought to be more exacting than others. But, bah! he will, he must protect my fortunes to-day, or he knows well enough that I will give my patronage to some one else. Thank goodness, there are plenty of saints, and a good Christian may take his pick."

With this comforting reflection, the man in grey urged the mule, and soon after found himself heard imitating the feathered songsters that chirped in the hedges to the roadside.

For long he drew up at an inn on the wayside, and, as it was the hour of the national siesta, he ordered a mouthful of grass for the mule, and reserved for the purpose of taking a lunch and a nap. Having done the same for his own man, he spread the travellers' room, and was about to stretch himself upon the floor, when he observed a respectable-looking personage lying upon a settee in the left hand corner.

"Umph!" muttered Pequito, "I am not alone, it seems. Well, so much the better. In an hour from this, like this, he is better to me than he is with company than without. In case of danger one can protect each other; and but, ecpfy! Do I not know that face? As I'm a sinner, it is that of my old master, Don Lopez, who, some three years next Candlemas, kicked me out of his service for making too free with the stray change and other loose things about the house! Well, well, he's a good fangive in my motto, when my enemy is beyond my reach. I have my revenge in the consciousness of the fact that he is the best benefactor I have in the world. If he had not been the greatest sheep that ever bullied a man to her spoon-victuals, then I'm just praying for! But, as it is, he is more to me than a dozen masters further than his own dooryard, and whose vengeance he has turned him all the more completely in my so far from home? He has no country estates to look after or to manage, and cannot well have an eye even to mass without kneel. Something is going on, which, if I could get a clew to, I perhaps might turn to account. Ah, by the way, the papers, were in not that he has a stick of kicking, which, when I am near him, he could not for twenty times a-day, for the most trivial cause, and frequently for none at all. Ah, what a difference between a man asleep and a man awake. I'll try it!"

With this resolution, he moved on tiptoe towards the individual on the settee, and was in the act of softly raising the stick with which he had heard a noble, and involuntarily turned in the direction where he supposed it came. Finding that the sound was only an imaginary one, he called to fresh courage, and on wheeling round to accomplish his design, he suddenly stopped short.

Don Lopez, resting calmly on his elbow, was sitting bolt upright and wide awake.

The man in grey was dumb and red with blushes.

"So, so, varlet," said Don Lopez; "still at the same old capers, eh?"

"Master!" shouted Pequito. "He is alive, after all. He is not dead, as he first imagining had led me to fear. It is my dear old master, and he is not dead, after all. Hurra—hurra—hurra!"

"It will not do, rascal!" said Don Lopez, shaking his head with a dry, satirical smile, "I have known you too long." "You are the same grateful wamp as ever."

Pequito clothed his countenance with a suit of injured innocence.

"As I hope to be saved, senor ——"

"Silence, knave! I know you!" interrupted

the gentleman slowly. "To your house and your friends, and if you are the lover he says you are to the maid with my regret."

And the speaker completely edified his eyes and ears more effectually in honest slumber.

The man is gray and as he was stirred. The excitement of the incident, however, drove sleep from his eyelids for a long time. But drowsy oppression over him at length, and he was shortly snoring like a babe.

In his unconscious breathings broke upon the tranquil air, the cream of Don Lopez spread and quietly observed him. The corner of paper peeping through a rent in the sleeper's doublet, which they had previously noticed, had for them a species of fascinating attraction which they were more willing to succumb to than resist. Fly and bee their owner rose and softly approaching the old valet, calmly drew the mysterious paper from its resting-place and silently pocketed it. As he did so a frown darkened his brow, and the color departed slowly from his cheeks.

"Perfidy! Mendoza!" he muttered. "To play the spy upon a fallen man! If I had done me be much my host, how I could have punished him! But how did this valet come into possession of this paper? Can he be in the pay of Philip's cupbo'r? I thought it, he should not wake again. But we must do nothing hastily, except to order our horses and continue our journey without a day's more."

With these thoughts he returned the paper, and sat down awhile in meditation.

When the valet awoke, which he did not for two long hours, Don Lopez was gone.

"If Saint Philip don't watch over me better than he has," he muttered as he recalled the scene with his former master, "I shall take my departure in an opposite direction. I should not like that the knowledge was only shunning. He could have carried only a few minutes before me; and yet I did not see him as the road. Perhaps, before lying down, he had devoted an hour to the battle? No matter! he is gone, and I breathe easier. I wonder if, when taking his departure, he made any mention of my little attempt upon his purse and his host? It would not be like him if he did, for he was ever the high-minded lover of honor. Besides, consideration for his old valet would have restrained him. But I'll soon see. If one is suspected of a crime for an absence here, the sooner he learns it the better. I'll try the bold hand—it is the best in the end."

Then swaggering into the drinking-room, he sat down at one of three circular tables, and supped lustily with his knuckles for the host.

"What is it, senor?" said that worthy, advancing from the outer room.

"A stoup of litterish. I'm in haste."

"In a moment, senor!" and in a jubilous, vaulting with a low bow.

"Ah," mused the man in gray, with a scoffing smile; "Don Lopez was discreet. All is right. The bold hand forever!"

"The senor," said the host, setting it before him.

Pequillo bowed patronizingly, and shivered himself with zeal to the tankard, which he speedily despatched, and then called for another beaker.

"One million," answered the publican, blandly.

"A million!" exclaimed the man in gray, starting at him. "For what?"

"Lunch, my marravella," said the host.

"You will," returned Pequillo. "But there are eighty marravella in a million!"

"Two stoups of wine and a nap, twenty-five marravella," continued the host.

"Eighty," remarked the ex-valet. "But for other forty-five?"

"Gross for the male, five marravella," said the host.

"Too much by three marravella, seeing that I ordered this only a moment," said Pequillo. "But let it go. Now account for the remaining forty, if you are a Christian."

"A basket of lettuce —"

"A basket of lettuce!" repeated the ex-valet, interrupting him. "Are you crazy?"

"A basket of lettuce," continued the host, philosophically, "and eighty like a half dozen for manket, and placed in the wagon, near the stable, has devoured by the mule, who had broken away from the halter in the manger, and noisedenly stopped out and emptied the basket clean, leaving not so much as a single cabbage-head that had been in it, fairly marvelled. Sum total, one million?"

The ex-valet was more startled than when he had discovered the eye of his old master looking up at him from the street.

"My mule stole forty marravella' worth of lettuce?" he exclaimed.

"The mule," said the host.

"Who saw him do it?" demanded Pequillo, fiercely.

"I, from the window, as he was finishing the last basket related to the host, who was making engineers in reference to particulars.

"Let me see him!" said the ex-valet, rushing furiously out to the barn-yard.

The mule was brought from the stable, by the ostler, who held him by the halter for examination.

The animal looked as modest and thin as ever, and held up his head and glanced around with the calm, philosophic indifference of one conscious of his innocence and uprightness.

There was nothing in his manner or appearance to indicate that he had recently been regaling himself upon so princely luxury as a basket of lettuce.

But then, as the ostler knowingly remarked, he ought to be considered that an animal in the mule's condition would make a very great show upon a slight meal.

"Besides," he added, with a professional wink, "the mule is one cunning old rascal. He knows why we are looking at him as well as we do, and has made himself as poor-looking as he could, to beguile our entering the stable, to unbridled what it was for, and instantly commenced his banquet so as to appear to steal. I saw him do it. Such another thief my eye has not seen in this yard three five years!"

As if to substantiate the truth of this statement, the culprit at the moment turned a sly glance at his master, as if to judge by his countenance, what he thought of what was jocularly designed, to do in the matter.

Pequillo's heart flagging do him good, senor!" inquired the host.

At this interrogatory, the eyelids of the pilferer blinked with alarm, and his head dropped with new penitence. To complete the shaming of his remorse, he relished his countenance serves, and his half-collapsed stomach, under the expanding pressure of the lettuce, slowly rounded into graceful amplitude and volume.

"Was there ever such a beast?" cried the ostler, in astonishment. "He is too artful to live!"

"You see, senor," observed the host to the man in gray, "that my charges are correct?"

"There is your money," returned the latter, who had been visited by an idea. "I will excuse him this time; but let him be careful how he repeats the offence."

This remark was intended for the culprit, who, on hearing it, in once raised his head, and turned his eye upon the ostler with an expression of anticipated joy and triumph.

"What a beast!" exclaimed the latter, with a gesture of disgust.

"Let's see if he will travel as well as he steals," said the host in cry, standing into the saddle. "If he does, perhaps he may get a magnificent supper. Now then, senor," he added, as the man in gray mounted his steed, "what is your mortal?"

The philosopher evidently understood his sister; for he laughed at small knowledge, and the countenance later was tearing along the highroad, as if in pursuit of his old valet.

"If I can fallen up this varlet and make him presentable," muttered the ex-valet, "as from his intelligent animal, for whose superior genius for thievery he, from this moment, begins to entertain a most exalted respect.

Here we must interrupt the thread of this veracious history, to inform the reader that the highways leading from Toledo to the rural districts were highly favorable to robbery in the night. Not one wagon could pass over them at a time; and whenever two met, one was necessarily compelled to diverge ere either could go on. This, at first sight, would appear to be a matter of small moment. But not so, as those days there was no fencing on the roadsides to hinder the drivers from turning off to the right or left whenever they pleased.

Another fact. The roads were not always so straight as they might have been. Hence it not unfrequently happened that, on approaching a turn in the road, one found suddenly found himself face to face with another, who, as was sometimes the case, —thanks to the then bad laws of nations, —turned out to be a scamp of travellers.

With these two facts in his mind, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the man in gray, on turning a curve, unexpectedly found himself face to face with a tall, muscular monk, who was thoughtfully advancing.

"Save you, holy father!" he exclaimed, reining in his mule.

"Benedicite, my son!" returned the monk, pausing, and surveying him with a scrutinizing eye. "Have you travelled far to-day?"

"Only from the city," said Pequillo, "to which I suppose your reverence is bound?"

A leer lay in the monk, whose carefully-drawn cowl allowed but little besides his saintly looking eyes to be visible. "How you suppose right to-day, and," he added, laying his hand upon the bridle, "if so, I should be glad to hear and to absolve you."

There was a something in his air that caused the man in gray to feel distinctly uncomfortable.

"I under a clean breast at early mass, father," he replied, striving to preserve his countenance.

"But your sins since then?" said the monk.

"Except saying grace over a joint of mutton, which the kitchen wench was bearing from a baker's, and eating dinner without saying grace, I have committed several sweet sins," answered the ex-valet, growing more and more uneasy.

"Holy church must not be cheated of her dues," said the monk, severely. "There is a stump in the road here, on which I can sit and listen to your confession."

"Indeed, holy father, you must excuse me. Title is pressing, and I dare not to go. Business—"

"No words," interrupted the monk. "Dismount your mule and follow me."

And to enforce his command, the ecclesiastic with one hand retained his hold of the bridle, and with the other pointed sternly towards the wood.

His manner subdued the resisting powers of the ex-valet, who, trembling like a leaf, dismounted, the climbing gaze of a serpent, clumsily left his saddle and followed the monk, who led the mule into the wood.

"I am ready now, your reverence," he said, or rather chattered, after proceeding a few yards

"Further on," said the monk.

The ex-valet was silent with an indescribable terror. Had his life depended upon it, he could not have done otherwise than follow the monk until the priest, whose imperious will constrained him into unconditional submission.

They were now about twenty rods from the road, and the ex-valet involuntarily paused again.

"Further yet" said the monk.

"Halt!" said the monk.

Pequillo did so; but the order was to him as if the executioner said to the victim, "Now you may kneel down your head."

"Kneel," said the monk, seating himself upon a stone, "and confess"

The man in gray dropped helplessly upon his knees.

"Wait shall I say, your reverence?" he asked, intuitively comprehending that the whole business and course of the priest was not taken for the purpose of hearing his confession.

"To whose service are you?" demanded the monk.

"To one's, your reverence. I am a poor, penniless rascal, living upon my wits"

"What do you mean to do?"

"Picking pockets, your reverence," answered the ex-valet, with a groan.

The monk meditated.

"Was that all?" he asked, after a pause.

"Making a pretty penny whenever I can," was the reply.

A long, severe silence followed.

"I fear," said the monk, at length, "that you must be handed over to the inquisitors, and interrogated from the rack."

"O, for the love of heaven—" cried the ex-valet, while with terror.

"You are suspected!" said the monk, sternly.

"I, your reverence?"

"Of treason and heresy," said the monk, severely.

"They are rich, and the fees of the inquisitors are kept constantly burning. Only last night ten were seized while in the very act of praying for the success of the new silken house, and, with their unlicensed correspondence pinned to their breasts, hurried off to feed the approaching auto-da-fé at Madrid. You are suspected of being of their number."

"I!" exclaimed the man in gray, gasping with horror.

"You were observed leaving the city, and seen to stop at an inn on the way," continued the monk, coldly shaking his head. "Nay, information is lodged against you to the effect that you are the bearer of certain papers of which, since the death of one Don Juan de Mendoza, the Italians have been in quest."

The ex-valet turned white as a sheet. Plunging his hand under his doublet, he drew forth the paper which had been given Don Lopez so much concern, and thrusting it into the hands of the monk, exclaimed:

"There it is, holy father. Take and give it to the inquisitors! But, as I hope to be saved, I was ignorant of its importance, so—"

"Of the peril," said the monk, interrupting him.

The philosopher evidently understood his sister; for he laughed at small knowledge, and the countenance later was tearing along the highroad, as if in pursuit of his old valet.

"If I can fallen up this varlet and make him presentable," muttered the ex-valet, "as from his intelligent animal, for whose superior genius for thievery he, from this moment, begins to entertain a most exalted respect.

Here we must interrupt the thread of this veracious history, to inform the reader that the highways leading from Toledo to the rural districts were highly favorable to robbery in the night. Not one wagon could pass over them at a time; and whenever two met, one was necessarily compelled to diverge ere either could go on. This, at first sight, would appear to be a matter of small moment. But not so, as those days there was no fencing on the roadsides to hinder the drivers from turning off to the right or left whenever they pleased.

Another fact. The roads were not always so straight as they might have been. Hence it not unfrequently happened that, on approaching a turn in the road, one found suddenly found himself face to face with another, who, as was sometimes the case, —thanks to the then bad laws of nations, —turned out to be a scamp of travellers.

With these two facts in his mind, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the man in gray, on turning a curve, unexpectedly found himself face to face with a tall, muscular monk, who was thoughtfully advancing.

"Save you, holy father!" he exclaimed, reining in his mule.

"Benedicite, my son!" returned the monk, pausing, and surveying him with a scrutinizing eye. "Have you travelled far to-day?"

"Only from the city," said Pequillo, "to which I suppose your reverence is bound?"

A leer lay in the monk, whose carefully-drawn cowl allowed but little besides his saintly looking eyes to be visible. "How you suppose right to-day, and," he added, laying his hand upon the bridle, "if so, I should be glad to hear and to absolve you."

There was a something in his air that caused the man in gray to feel distinctly uncomfortable.

"I under a clean breast at early mass, father," he replied, striving to preserve his countenance.

"But your sins since then?" said the monk.

"Except saying grace over a joint of mutton, which the kitchen wench was bearing from a baker's, and eating dinner without saying grace, I have committed several sweet sins," answered the ex-valet, growing more and more uneasy.

"Holy church must not be cheated of her dues," said the monk, severely. "There is a stump in the road here, on which I can sit and listen to your confession."

"Indeed, holy father, you must excuse me. Title is pressing, and I dare not to go. Business—"

"No words," interrupted the monk. "Dismount your mule and follow me."

And to enforce his command, the ecclesiastic with one hand retained his hold of the bridle, and with the other pointed sternly towards the wood.

His manner subdued the resisting powers of the ex-valet, who, trembling like a leaf, dismounted, the climbing gaze of a serpent, clumsily left his saddle and followed the monk, who led the mule into the wood.

"I am ready now, your reverence," he said, or rather chattered, after proceeding a few yards

"Further on," said the monk.

The ex-valet was silent with an indescribable terror. Had his life depended upon it, he could not have done otherwise than follow the monk until the priest, whose imperious will constrained him into unconditional submission.

They were now about twenty rods from the road, and the ex-valet involuntarily paused again.

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"You are suspected!" said the monk, sternly.

"I, your reverence?"

"Of treason and heresy," said the monk, severely. "

BEAR THE CROSS.

BY C. A. BUSH.

There are flowers that ne'er shall wither,
Blossoms that shall ne'er decay,
They are found beyond the plains,
In the realms of endless day;
If you fain would taste those flowers,
Blooming in immortal bliss,
Bear the Cross.

There are hopes that never crumble—
Lustrous hopes that ne'er shall fade—
Hopes that bud upon this far earth,
But with richer verve do ripe,
If those hopes, that do not fade you,
You desire to have and keep,
Bear the Cross.

There are friends who live forever—
Friends whom Death hath cast hollow—
Through the dark and chilling valley
To a far sublimer shore.
Would ye have those friends forever
By your side, and leave them never—
Bear the Cross.

There are never-dying pleasures—
Pleasures sweet and holier far,
Than the hollow enjoyments
Which around abound as rare.
Do you wish to find those pleasures,
These celestial, priceless treasures?
Bear the Cross.

There are bright and fortune bestows,
Consolation by God's hand,
Through the gloomy vale of sorrow,
Thro' life's sultry heat and cold.
If you would not miss these beauties,
Never unto others throw
Bear the Cross.

There are never-clouded glories—
Glories veiled in holy awe,
There are splendors that are grander
Than the world e'er knew before;
Would you, when your live-line nerves,
Gaze upon those glories o'er,
Bear the Cross.

There's a life which ne'er shall slumber—
There's a home where God lives free,
And if you're ever favored
You'll experience them above,
Where, when crowth Death's to morrow,
You shall, proud of victory, wear a Crown.

THE PATRIOT'S ESCAPE.

BY BUTLAND COOK, JR.

On the morning of June 26th, the inhabitants of Genoa were startled by a strange announcement. Upon the *Piazza Nuova* were collected men and women of all grades and ages, and many a dark and angry look was turned towards the ducal palace; and from thence the eager glances turned upon the dull, gloomy tower of the prison, which was not over a hundred paces distant. The conversation was carried on in low whispers, and the man or woman who dared to utter the words, "Let loose," was sure first to cast a furtive look around to see that no spy was present to hear the violation.

"What is it?" asked a new-comer upon the Piazza, speaking to a young man in a gaudy dress.

"Eh—What? Are you from this you?"

"Yes. I am just from Lyons. Arrived last evening. But what happened, Medo?"

"Happened! Ah—you would have known it. Our young Count, Michael Sofilli, is in prison. He was apprehended some time during the past night."

Andrea Arizzo turned pale. He grasped Medo Pazzoli by the hand, and having cast a quick glance around, he said—

"The noble Count arrested! My soul, what news! Have they evidence against him?"

"Yes, most positive. The Count's letters have fallen into the hands of those accursed spies! But we must not talk here. The very prison-bars have ears. Come—let's seek a safer place. But drive that frown from your brow. For the love of mercy, don't let them see you thus, or you may dwell in the tower before night! Put on a smile as we go, come—follow me—go by the side—behind—keep a respectable distance."

Thus speaking, Pazzoli commenced to him a love song, and started off, his companion following at a short distance.

Andrea Arizzo was not yet thirty; but he possessed a big heart, and a strong love of liberty. His father had been shot a year or two before for only son a fortune of two hundred thousand crowns, with the title of gentleman. He was still in love, but acknowledged to be one of the bravest men in the country.

Andrea Arizzo was ten or twelve years older than Medo, and some stouter in frame. He, too, was wealthy; and might have been a noble, had he wished. He said he would not incur the expenses of a title; but in reality he despised it. He was a true *Liberal*, and hated the very sound of "*Lords*."

The Count Michael Sofilli was deservedly and beloved by all classes in Genoa. Of an old family, and wealthy, he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the nobility; while his generosity, his liberality and benevolence had secured to him the affections of the people.

The three men then introduced had long been firm friends; and for some time they had been strong and active Liberals. They were members of the Republican leaders with money, and had also conveyed to them much valuable information. Thus they had managed to work thus far—or, until the previous night—unsuspected. The position they occupied, as well as the work they had to perform, rendered their shoulders bear heavy heads; yet they cheerfully performed every duty that came, and love depended upon it, but the safety of the cause demanded it. The heads of the Republicans who assembled in the mountains knew that in these three men they could depend for aid, advice and helpers. Many an Alpine leader had been able to escape the royal troops by information secretly conveyed to them from our three sympathizers.

But the Count Sofilli—the most influential of the three—had been apprehended; and now that his city stood free-stricken, while the other half gaped with wonder, for none, not even the very few chosen, had ever dreamed that the Count was a Liberal.

When Pazzoli stopped, it was at his own head. He paused in, and shortly afterwards Arizzo followed him, and the two were soon closeted.

"What's to be done?" was Pazzoli's first remark.

"First we must know how much has been discovered," answered the other.

"I—I can tell you that, for I was present when he wrote the letter which has been found. You needn't start in that way, for I had no part in it—my name was not mentioned. The Count wrote to Sforza, who is now in the mountains, promising to send him money as soon as a safe opportunity should present itself. He read the letter by a messenger of Sforza's own choice; but the fellow fell into the hands of the soldiers at the outer pass of Scutri, and the letter was found in one of his stockings."

"Then there can be no hopes of his escape by trial?"

"Of course not. If he left to the tender mercies of government he must die as sure as fate!"

"Then we must help him."

"That's it. We must help him."

"But how?"

"Ah—that happens to be the only question I am not yet prepared to answer."

"When will he be tried?"

"This very day."

"So soon?"

"Yes. They seem to have a little regard for his station, as they do not put him in a dungeon. But he will be convicted, and then shut up as fast as they like."

"Will he plead?"

"I think not."

"We must see his wife."

"Aye—so I have thought. She must come here. His house will be watched. I will send word——"

"But we can go there more safely than she can come here. Whoever is sent coming from there before the trial may be suspected."

"You are right, Andrea. We will go there. Oh! the noble, generous Count must be rescued—he shall be if we can do it. We must be cautious—but for our own safety, but for his."

"I am with you to the death, Medo! From this time forth, until he is free, my life is his!"

"Of course, gentlemen Andrea; there is no taint of suspicion against us."

"No," answered Medo.

The rest of the two hours he held a few moments, and finally moved close to his companion's side, and whispered something into his ear.

Medo Pazzoli started back in terror under the first influence of what he had heard.

"We can do it in no other way," urged Arizzo.

"True we shall be free to act, and to see him. I have a plan in my mind—not perfect yet—but still of monstrous weight. Wait say you! I know 'tis fearful and high, and his life depends on it, a murmur of admiration arose upon every side.

The Count refused to plead at all. That was a determination of his own. The advocates who had devised it knew that he was too honorable even to descend to a legal quibble.

The letter was produced, and he owned it like! Then it was read; and from that moment none could hope for his escape.

As soon as the murmurs consequent upon the reading of the letter had died away, Andrea Arizzo pressed his way forward. His dirk not look towards the prison, but kept his keen, dark eye upon the judge. When he had gained the proper place he addressed the court, and then proceeded:

"His lord ship, we have been so happy as to own friend of the noble Count, than to appear against him; but by our own Michael Sofilli especially in company with those whom I feared were rebels and traitors, while people supposed him rich in his own palace, he was with the full robber Sforza in the mountains. I think, then, that he has furnished some of the gold to the enemy. I know that his confidential servant was often left in the city with a true paper for Vignano, and goes direct beyond the power of Genoa. His servant can be got to say those things, but a noble duty compels me."

Arizzo was questioned by the judge, and his answers were direct and frank. He was questioned with the assurance that his noble devotion to the Count would be taken into consideration.

"I ask not for reward," he replied. "I have it already. But if you would reward me, grant that my friend Pazzoli can corroborate all that I have said."

When Arizzo had first spoken, the prisoner uttered a deep groan, and covered his face with his hands. His agony was such that he could not bear to hide or control it. That Andrea Arizzo—his own friend—should thus speak in the world in terms worse than a thousand deaths! Of course he had done this to hide himself from suspicion. He had appeared against his friend to save himself!

Pazzoli was called for, and he came up. Michael Sofilli knew that he could not have spoken falsely, yet Pazzoli informed against him. Pazzoli swore last all was true that Arizzo had said.

The prisoner could not believe his own eyes or ears. It was some diabolical trick of the judges to torture him. Pazzoli and Arizzo—the two men of all others whom he had loved—appear thus as combined traitors to him! It was horrible, unbelievable! The father of infernal lusts had assumed their form and done this thing!

But Michael Sofilli was pronounced guilty, and condemned to die. He was ordered to be taken to place him in the dungeon of the death-warrant. When he asked how long he would live, he was told that it was not known.

It was midnight, and Mima Sofilli was alone in her chamber. She was a noble woman, both in form, in feature, and in soul. She was not just the woman for the Count to love, and maybe the true man could help loving her who knew her. She had deep weepings for the loss of her brave son Guy. She sat now with her hands clasped upon her heart, and her swollen eyes turned towards heaven.

There came a rap upon the door, and when she spoke a page entered, and informed her that two men wished to see her below.

"Who are they?" she asked, in a whisper.

"They would not give me their names—but they came to offer help."

Mima Sofilli went down, and when she entered her husband's library she met Pazzoli and Arizzo.

"Oh! In the name of heaven, *she*, leave this dwelling!" the woman gasped, as she saw the men who had appeared against her beloved. "Must you add to your infamy by this murder?"

"Mima Sofilli," spoke Pazzoli, sternly, "are you, too, so simple that you cannot see beneath a veil that was only meant to blind the eyes of loyal officers? Did we not know that your husband was sure of being convicted ere we spoke?"

"Oh! And so ye could tear away the last pride of a dying man for your own safety! To crush more him that he had no friends?"

"Listen, Mima."

She did listen; and ere long her bosom swelled, and her eye grew bright. The trio conversed a long while, and when they had done, Mima Sofilli stood erect with hope bounding in her lustrous eyes.

"I will do my part," she said, "though I close not my eyes till it be done."

"And we will do ours, even though death look us out direct in the face!" was Pazzoli's response.

Within half an hour from that time Mima was at work. Her faithful maid helped her, and together they labored on. The task required ingenuity, and they were both equal to it. Hour by hour the work progressed, and the eager, anxious wife had the satisfaction of seeing her efforts gradually producing the very thing that was required. Ingenuity such as she never dreamed of before was called into action, and at last, and an unswerving skill applied it to the purpose in hand.

Her work was done on the third day, and then she slept!

* * * * * * *

Medo Pazzoli and Andrea Arizzo appeared at the ducal palace to intercede for Mima Sofilli. She prayed that she might see her husband once before he died.

"We will be present at the interview," said Pazzoli, "and thus we may be assured no treason can transpire."

The duke pondered a few moments, but it was more than bold that from long thought of refusing the request.

"You were somewhat surprised," explained Arizzo, "that she should send for us; but she feared that the guards would refuse her, and that we should be suspected of sympathy with him. Of course she had no such fear as—or account. Oh! the noble Sofilli is a sad thing! The Count must have been a noble champion of Loyalty but for his treason."

"True, true, Arizzo. He was a fine young man, and looked gallantly upon the ladies, and won the women, and give her hope and comfort of seeing her husband. Let him—you must be present at the interview."

"Aye, my Lord. That was the only condition we made with your Grace," answered Arizzo.

The Duke wrote an order for Andrea Arizzo and Medo Pazzoli to visit Michael Sofilli in his cell—a person where her husband was confined; and having delivered it to two men at last.

Late in the afternoon a close carriage stopped before the prison. Pazzoli and Arizzo alighted, and assisted out a female who was closely veiled. She walked between the two men, bidding the guards keep back in order. They were passed, and the party were conducted to the cell of the Count. Mima, in the hope that she might escape, left sight of which was terrible.

The door shut, and Pazzoli fastened it. Then, of good courage, he gave you another command to open to meet his foe."

The Count made no reply, but still clung to the arms of her friends. The door of the dungeon was unfastened, and the jailer looked in and said, in a coarse, rough voice, that he had come to see that the prisoner suffering by him should not escape.

Half an hour was the time allotted. It passed quickly away, and at the expiration of that time she was at the door. He looked in and saw Sofilli sitting at his table—his head bowed upon his hands and his face concealed. He was attended over him and her arms about his neck.

"Time's up!" he said.

"Farewell, my angel!" pronounced the voice of Sofilli. "I cannot see your face again—I cannot! God bless you!—Now!"

The jailer dropped her veil and turned, and having taken her place between her two friends at before, the party left the cell. The prisoner seemed in deep thought, and did not look up. He did not disturb him, so he closed the door and followed on the party.

In a few moments the carriage rolled away, and the Count Sofilli, a single effort, was free. Two hours afterwards he was and opened Sofilli's door and put his supper in, but he stopped to make no more visits.

At midnight the keeper went his rounds, and when he came through the dungeon he was surprised to find the prisoner still sitting in his chair with his head on his hands. He went to him and touched his hands, just as he was left when his visitors departed.

Sofilli! Age you going to bed to-night, Senor Count?"

The jailer put his hand upon the prisoner's shoulder as he spoke, but the latter neither moved nor made reply.

"Come, come—wake up!"

The jailer gave a quarter jerk as he uttered this, and the head rolled from the table upon the stone floor! With a quick cry of alarm the keeper put his hand to the heart of his prisoner—it was motionless. He lifted it up, and it was light like a boy. The hands of Sofilli were cold, and his face—and found that he had nothing but a veritable "man of rags" for a prisoner!

The jailer's alarm was astounded man was unable even to think; but quickly he rallied in his senses, and he knew that the prisoner had fled. It was a perfectly formed image, consisting of an iron frame, and clothed in the outer garb of linen and cotton. There were strings leading from the feet and head to the wrists, and so nicely arranged, that by the movement of the hands the image could be imitated. The face was of wax, and exquisitely executed. Arms and legs were also of wax, and had been accurately. The hair was very naturally arranged, and the dress was perfect.

As soon as possible the alarm was given, and the soldiers were sent in search of the prisoner and his companions. But they were all to no purpose, not a friend nor one there. Then they went to the dwelling of Andrea and Pazzoli, but still no one was found.

In the morning the Duke was fruntic with rage. He rushed in the prison and saw the image. He caused two men to place it between them and work it as though in the street, and the result astonished him that his jailer might easily have been deceived.

Rewards were offered, but soldiers and spies could not it availed nothing. The escaped prisoner was beyond reach.

In the meantime Sofilli and his friends were on their way to a place of safety. Before visiting the city of Genoa they had assembled a gathering of their money and jewels, and Mima had done the same. A small fifteen boy of the mountains, between Genoa and Nervi; and when the carriage left the prison it was driven around to the Count's palace, where Mima and her maid entered, and then away out of the city, Pazzoli having a pass for so doing. In half an hour they reached the fellows; and in another half hour the five friends were upon the dark waters of the Gulf, where the wife rested upon her husband's bosom without fear; and where he could embrace his two noble friends, and ask them to forgive him for having, under a startling provocation, once suspected them.

But there could be no more doubt of a friendship which had proved itself thus; and if there was a pang at the thought of leaving their native land, perhaps forever, it was alleviated by the memory of the love they left as old home, they went forth to seek that liberty which the land of their birth could not afford.

The fifteen made a safe run to Toulon, where our fugitives found passage to Gibraltar; and thence they sailed for the United States, where they now enjoy, beneath the banner of heaven's own land, a welcome—the privilege of worshipping God after the dictates of their own conscience, and of singing their songs of liberty without the fear of denunciation and death before their eyes.

ATTRACTIONS AND REPULSIONS.

There are many natures which can never appreciate within a certain distance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, seem to start back from each other by some invincible repulsion. There are others which have a distinct calmness whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and with very little exertion of preparation mingle intimately as soon as they are near. Every one, whose experience of society has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many instances of fondness and dislike, which have manifested themselves upon him with the intervention of his judgment; of depositions and aversions which have existed in the mind, and sign no reason for the preference, or none adequate to the importance of his partiality. Influence has acted instantaneously upon his mind, and which no arguments or persuasions could ever overcome.

Persons, with whom near and intimate ties have made us familiar, we find our affections directed in different proportions without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows some whom he cannot induce himself to trust, though he has no reason to suspect that they would betray him; and others to whom he cannot complain, though he never observed them to wear compassion; those in whose presence he never can be silent, and those by invitations to speak are impredent; and those from whom he cannot be compelled to receive instruction. But they never invalidate his ignorance by contempt or ostentation.

There is no regard to be had to these impulses of kindness and dislike, or that reason should blindly follow them, we are far from inculcating so dangerous a tie; very certain that by indulgence we may give them strength which they have not of their own. Like the passions of pride, vanity, intemperate and reckless power, that by obeying them we diminish our happiness in those who are very unworthy of so great a trust. But it may deserve to be remarked, that since few external objects are free from their inclinations, it is generally to solicit the good will of those we perceive that they have no natural attraction. They never know how virtue will reconcile antipathy, and though of a disagreeable way for a time to subdue, and if it grows applauded, they will at last be dismissed with coldness, or discouraged by neglect.

UNIVERSAL DESIRE FOR FAME.

Dislocation is to pleasing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pride and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant with the superiority, from the success or miscarriage of schemes of ambition, from the rise and defeats of which, though they appear to have no connection with our happiness, we can seldom escape ourselves.

Hence arises the prevalence of this love of praise in the variety of means by which its attainment is sought by different. Every lowever hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation, and every walk in life is crowded with candidates who would be attracted; some quietly, and without bustle, which distinguishes the incommon bred of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to be unsatisfied to fame. The ascents of honor, however steep, never appear inaccessible; he that despairs to scale the precipice by violence and labor, finds out a winding in their favorites, discovers some by-path, or easier declivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the summit, will yet enable him to overlook those with whom he has long contended in vain. Hence it is seldom require more to the *happiness of the present* hour, than to surpass how that stands next before us.

MISFORTUNE.

To escape misfortune is to want instruction, and to live at once in a state of error. As no man can enjoy happiness without *thinking that he enjoys it*, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of former fortune; for the use of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which we have not felt will be sufficient to diminish the fortune him, *if he did not know how much he enjoys*. The Indian philosopher, who imagined the sun to be a globe of iron, heated to whiteness by the fury of a perpetual fire, had from the experience of his country, the misseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, perhaps, have been confined, by similar ignorance, to suppose that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set an above the want of food, of clothing, and shelter; that, when the gift of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be rewarded, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what is seldom given; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without securing us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

"BE MASTER OF THY ANGER."

The maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was,—"be master of thy anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquility, and thought that he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to overcome his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, known and consistently known by the appellation of "passionate men" who imagine themselves entitled by that distinction to be revenged on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferation, in furious menaces and tempestuous reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the most part, flames only in outcries of injury, and protestations of vengeance, and seldom proceeds to actual violence, unless some helpless person fall in their way; but then they interrupt the quiet of those that happen to be within the reach of their exclamations, obstruct the course of conversation, and disturb the enjoyment of society.

These sudden bursts of fury generally break out upon small occasions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils so frequently as the man of this temper is to be incensed. Accustomed to the first reflection upon his violence must show him that he is more enraged to be thus provoked by every petty incident, that he is the more slave of casuality, and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorset, that he was the only man of conversation in his way when he was angry, because he was then the messenger from far and near from which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life; he contracts with every one he is forbon, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He signifies his anger to those whom he considers as subject and reparation. Or, if there be any who remain himself in opposition, he must endure the wrong, because he has done it, his insensibility can never satisfy pride, and he is therefore obliged to only adds deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and destroys the only plea which he can offer for his conduct, a transient impulse.

Even this degree of folly, we may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment in the sufferer's mind. Nothing is more unpleasing than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigor of youth fails him, and almost every power of his frequent repetition, his occasional rage stalks by decay of strength into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, grows habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left to himself, to grow "angry with" to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt."

ON FORMING FRIENDSHIPS.

Every man must have some remarked the facility with which the kindness of others is sometimes gained by those to whom he never before had any claim to his care. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided into many little different species, which regard one another as foreigners, part with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of men has their own desires, fears, and conversations, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which none can understand, but sources which he cannot partake, and modes of expressing every sensation which no native understand. That frolic which chalks one man with laughter, will convulse another with indignation; that gaiety of pleasantry which in one nation obtains treats and patronage, would in another be hissed with indifference, and in a third with detestation.

To raise esteem we must benefit others; to procure love we must please them. From these observations, that old axiom do not readily form friendships, because they are not easily susceptible of pleasure. Men are not naturally made to be pleased by the same hour, or partake with equal gust the favorite amusements. Inclination is generally employed in the same objects, and who therefore never increase the pleasure of meeting with similarity of taste, or be welcomed with ardor, and left with regret, unless he undergo those recommendations by duties with which nature and custom have connected us.

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with inclination, and the moral part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that no man made the choice of others their rule of conduct, can avoid disingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that suffers himself to be driven by his passions into any crime, is not to be pitied, since he gains nearer by means, for which his friend, if he knew the motives, would detest him, and for which at last he must scorn himself.

HAPPINESS DEPENDENT ON TRIFLES.

The main of life is composed of small incidents, and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not worth naming, and of disappointments for the consequences of finest vexations which sting an active mind. Imperfections of temper, trifles almost so, and are heard no more; of meteoric appearances which astonish for an instant and disappear; of compliments which glide off the ear of another mute, and are forgotten by him that gave them as soon as uttered.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to build his internal store. If the heap be sweet, well us, that all bodies are resolvable into the same elements, and that the boundless variety of life is composed from a few simple ingredients of very few ingredients; so a few pains and a few pleasures of the mind, a few passions to set and are dissipated; of compliments which glide off the ear of another mute, and are forgotten by him that gave them as soon as uttered.

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ASSIDUITY AND PERSEVERANCE

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third; still anxiously, always changing. However, be assured that every change of the mind is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life; but mind them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found to be you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

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THE USES OF LUXURY.

The poor are apt to envy the rich their possession of luxury, and to think that they get no good. They would not do than were they rightly to consider the matter. Luxury, with its refinement and elegancies, not absolutely necessary to the existence of man, were done away. What would be the result? Would the poor be better off? In fact, does not the prevalence of luxuries for those who can afford them, render comforts more abundant and cheap for all others? We think so, decidedly. The possession in the hands of luxury exposes it to theft, or because only a portion of society enjoy it? Some proceed to decry the drug, rather than the supposed, but it is plain that the real mystery comes from the other point of view. We should condemn luxury if we found that it worked harm or injustice to the poor and the toiling; also if we saw it debasing and corrupting our society. Luxury that corrupts or vitiates, is an evil to be opposed, but now on this ground, or that of the oppression of the poor, we do not see it to be better off. In

Why? Because we see a great benefit in the uses to the audience of luxuries, and the great impetus to honestly gratify them. Suppose the reign of luxury were to come suddenly, the hundreds of the best rewarding springs of enterprise and toil would cease. How many thousands are employed in a great city, like New York, to feed the nervine of luxury. All the builders of palaces and gay dwellings; all the decorators of gilded halls and saloons; all the makers of rare furniture and the furs of a thousand sorts; all the finer manufactures and fabrics; all the opulent ladies' maids, cooks and footmen, in livery, cooks started like princes, &c., &c., depend upon the fact of luxury. Luxury employs half the shares and three-fourths of the capital and enterprise of the market. It pays toll and advantage any price for rarest things—things that to the poor, and in themselves, have little or no worth. Fashion, whim, caprice, give them their value,—fashion, which is an incurable tyrant in the sphere of luxury.

We regard the teller, of every kind, as being benefited by the growth of luxury—even a beggar that convulses its possessor, strengthens the mechanic's, the artisan's, and every producer's hands. It gives him artificial work to do. It makes the demand for labor so large that there is no glutting the market with it. Its sort of labor, too, is the very best paying. It requires care and skill, and is willing to give large reward. The single hand and compose something newer and better than others have got, it will pay you richly. If it has given pain in mid-winter, it pays for extraordinary haste to produce them. It counts money as nothing, if it can buy luxury thereby. And many of its highest prized delicacies and elegancies, are such the poor would scorn to eat or use, of, if they were to accept them as comforts. What are eighteen kangaroo at a dinner party? A feat, compared with a smoking pot of pork and beans (for which we have a fondness), or a savory meat pie to the hearty, healthy hard worker of whatever sort?

The carrying of the luxury of others is also wrong. Could the poor but measure the aches and stings of gout, dyspepsia, and headache, and the many shapes haunting the luxurious lived, day and night, making their gilded halls and furniture of mere semi-hades, they would scarcely envy them more. Luxury is largely the offspring of unnecessaries, and brings misery and sorrow to the multitude all its advantages to its possessors. But we are apt to be caught by the glitter and show of the outside of things, and the poor can hardly help casting a longing eye on the luxuries and indolence of luxury. The real blessings of life are scattered far more equally among men than is commonly perceived, and the Creator has used little philosophy to teach them that luxury has its uses for the poor as well as the rich.

"THE BRAND PENSIONER" is the title of Mr. SCHUYLER'S new and powerful story, which will be published in this paper next week. It is decidedly the best tale that she ever wrote, excepting its successor even "The Deserted Wife" and "The Lost Heiress," which have been considered her most popular works. We will commence the publication of this charming novelette in our next issue. In the same number we shall introduce a beautiful sequel to the Lost Heiress, which will be edited by Gen. H. PARSONS, Esq., the well-known and universally popular editor of the *Leadville Herald*. This will be a rare treat for those with Mr. PARSONS' readers. Besides the two stories which he will write himself, he has in his own paper, with the exception of the editorials, entirely to himself, to-day, showing all his time to it, with the exception of the small portion necessary to prepare the matter for his department in the LEDGER. With such contributors as Fanny Fern, Gen. D. PARSONS, MRS. SCHUYLER SOUTHWORTH, STEPHEN CRANE, MRS. SOUTHWORTH, EDWARD EGGLESTON, Mrs. MARY SHARPE CRAWFORD, MRS. VARNEY, ALICE CARY, and a host of others, whose names are to be found in our issues from time to time, we think the LEDGER stands unrivalled and unapproachable. *No other paper can produce such a powerful array of names.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON has ordered a noted spiritualistic medium to leave Paris. His "seeing" of tables "starred" the heels of the throne, and her mode of humor to such a degree that they "starred" everything upon earth, and at the Emperor "starred" him out.

RICH AND POOR.

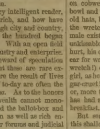
It is a matter of shame, that any journal or anybody, claiming intelligence and respectability, should in this country attempt to create dislikes and of classes and put the rich against the poor, or the poor against the rich. For there are such, when of labors are as contemptible as they are wicked. In this country there are no natural obstructions of classes. Every man who earns a comfortable honest living, and is intelligent and virtuous, is subject *ipso facto*, and may command respect and esteem, and aspire to all the honors and dignities incident to sovereign citizenship. We have no titles that our estates, nor hereditary estates, and all wealth is merely in money and goods in the average of cases, however accumulated to-day, will return to its original source in two or three generations. It is not much more than the children to scatter the father's estate—earned by enterprise and industry.

It is all nonsense to talk about aristocracy here. Every honest industrious man is an aristocrat in his trade and calling, or ought to be. By this we mean that every honest calling is of superlative dignity in itself; that its professor can make it just as respectable, if not profitable, as he pleases. Let even the chimney-sweeper stand on the dignity of his trade, and he can be as independent and respectable, if need be, as the Wall-street shaver with his bonds and margins. The unquestionably low and mean and women-spec of extenses in fashion and refinement, are not properly a class among honest labor people—they are drones and butterflies, whose shoddy plumage and disdainful air is all they can boast, and when by any chance they work, are not worthy the real man or woman.

We put the question to every intelligent reader, rich or poor—Who are our rich, and how have they become so? Look through the whole list, and answer. Ninety-nine in the hundred began life with a capital of poverty. With an open field they have won fortune by industry and economy. Now and then a prize is the reward of speculation or "luck" as some call it, but in most of these exceptions: the great average are the result of lives of toil and economy. The poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow, and so we see. As to the honors and offices of the Republic, wealth cannot monopolize them. The capacity to be honest and to desire that matter. Poor men as well as rich enjoy our battle of legislation, as framers and makers of laws. Industry, intelligence, talent and integrity are a better armor for the humans than gold. To serve the people would be to impeach the honor and intelligence of the people. Down, then, with the cant about poor and rich, and let us have done with all this demagogic stirring of the poor against the rich, or the rich against the poor.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

A few days since, on a pleasant afternoon, we met in Broadway a little beggar-girl marching along with the air of an empress, *and carrying one*



her hand a green ash pursed! How she had come by possession of this article we could not imagine; perhaps some kind-hearted lady had given it to her, or she might have found it lying somewhere and picked it up. However she had come by possession of it, there it was, and there she was, and the one who saw her could doubt. That her face flushed and her eyes sparkled at the sight of a fool, considerable locks should be surmounted by such a stylish article of a lady's street toilette, struck every passer-by as a circumstance that the little possessor expected to herself more attention than any or all of the elegant ladies by whom she was surrounded. But she was quite unconscious of the sensation she was creating. All her faculties were absorbed in the pride of her unwonted possession. That little over-arching parasol seemed the horizon of her heart's desires; beyond it, or below it, there was nothing of interest to her. As we watched her retreating figure, we wondered how long it would be ere the sheriff's officer would be following this and feeling that harm is done to society while her retreating figure is unmolested. Nevertheless we shall be thankful to whoever can open the row-eyed door, and contain all rapping spirits from our midst.

THE WORST PAUPERISM.

Can there well be imagined a more shameful spectacle, than that of intelligent and respectable persons, who would be indignant if one doubted their honor, independence or respectability, rushing every year from the cities to the country, to spend the best, like an army of mendicants, for some State support? Each year such persons by the thousand shut our thrown political patronism is made. From their general character of the Republic, for instance, should have been the Colonies of the New World as an appropriate honor to its great discoverer. We have been told that the Colony of Liberia was with a most odious name, given to them in honor of one of their presidents, who was a negro. Accordingly, the reckless, profligate Duke of York, who afterwards was executed out of his native country, as the most contemptuous of all names, that could manifest toward him. How much more beautiful and appropriate would Columbia have been as a State name, and the aboriginal Manhattan for our city. Many of the Western States, as for instance, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, are thus appropriately named; so, too, our great lakes and rivers of our rivers. Other ill-chosen names may now be found and widely known on the Earth's map in default of change, but pity 'tis that the had not been thought of ere the evil was past remedy. We are republicans, and our national and State names should not be commemorate a profligate Old World title-grab and aristocracy.

His was capable money property in its master; he also says it up in its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who hates it, a slave; and he who adores it an idolater.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at the Southern District of New York.

MALE CRITICISM ON LADIES' BOOKS.

Generally and sweeping, sweeping and clumsy, these are the great objects of a woman's thoughts, and they express the whole. Their nature does not admit of any other conception. We have no right to expect anything else in a woman's book.—T. Trollope.

It is in feminine novels only that courtship, marriage, servants, and children are the staples? Is Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Macaulay, of Bulwer and a host of others? Is it possible for anything more feminine and more liberal of critics? Would a novel be a novel if it did not treat of courtship and marriage? and if it could be so recognized, would it find readers? When I, no such a narrow, snarling criticism as the above; I always say to myself, the writer is some unhappy man, who has come up without the refining influence of mother, or sister, or respectable female friends; who has divided his migratory life between boarding-house, restaurants, and the outside of bar-rooms, and who has known no such as much about reviewing a woman's book, as I do about navigating a ship, or engineering an emigrain from the South Ferry, through Broadway, to Union Park. I think I have seen this same paragraph in a fit of spleen—of *male* spleen—in his small boarding-house upper chamber, by the cheerless light of a solitary candle, flickering miserably on, cobwebbed walls, dusty wash-stand, begrimed floor, and pitcher, refuse algae stained, bespeckled old hats, buttonless coats, muddy trousers, and all the wretched paraphernalia of a poor, unfortunate male existence, not to speak of his own pinched, unkempt face; perhaps, in addition, his boots have a hole in them, and he has to stuff paper in his ear for want of a plug, and a wife to pin it, poor fellow! Or, he has been refused by some young girl, as he deserved to be, (narrow-minded old vinegar-cruet that she is!) and this same lady authoress, more trying than all to the male constitution, has had a weak cup of coffee for that morning's breakfast.

But seriously,—we have had quite enough of this sort of criticism. I, myself, am tired of seeing the book which called forth the remark above quoted, was a good book or a bad one. I know not; I should be inclined to think the former from the disgrace of such a pen. Whether ladies can write books or not, is a question I do not intend to discuss; but that some of them have no difficulty in finding either publishers or readers, is a matter of history; and that gentlemen often write over-fastidious signatures would seem also to argue that feminine literature is after all, in good deal of the reading public. Granting that lady-novels are not all that they should be, they are certainly unlike, wholesale, sneering criticism (?) the way to reform them. It would not be better or more manly to point out a better way kindly, *justly, and candidly, especially if we*—which would be a much harder task for such critics—write a better book.

FANNY FERN.

NOT DEAD YET.

Credulity and superstition are thought to be rapidly declining, as the age of the world is said to be. The excitement for the mysteries and marvelous seems scarcely greater than it was a few years ago, when and women are not stoned, and hung, and burned for witches and devils, as in some past times, but there is no fear in our day of new revelations, and the heart as inclined to more than, as it has been, to receive all that becomes Heaven-de—ny, thousands—in this city, are this day confident that the world is about to come to an end, floating with the breathless implacable spirit-world, and many of them believe what must be idler and wickeder (idleness and delusion then even in England wickeder)—the time has been a superstition brush was at work all large and busy, and by the study of every friend of mental sanity and truth. Moreover in the Old Testament history and spirit-rappings, have been scattering snicker" and insanity far and wide, by their professed revelations, until it is to say they have their share of earth truth, or else the credulity of our age in forming, holds that we are the favored of the imagination, was never surpassed.

The age is therefore superstitious, or the world is flooded with real impertinent ghosts, witches and spirits. We would sooner believe the former than the latter. It is more like divining, and not unfortunate or perceiving faculty, now monopolized by a few professional mediums. Of these, as mediums, we have nothing of interest to let. As we watched her retreating figure, we wondered how long it would be ere the sheriff's officer would be following this and feeling that harm is done to society while her retreating figure is unmolested. Nevertheless we shall be thankful to whoever can open the row-eyed door, and contain all rapping spirits from our midst.

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WISHING TO BE PRETTY.

BY AUGUSTA BOSSER.

"Oh! me! how I do wish that I was pretty," sighed a little girl, who stood gazing into a large mirror.

"Fie! fie! you simple girl," cried her mother, entering the room just as the wish was uttered. "Pray, what would you do that was ill thought by daughter had more sense than to value a fair outside?"

The child sank blushing and abashed from sight; and felt very much ashamed of herself all the day long.

Big was the little creature to blame for wishing to be pretty? If her desire for beauty was that it might exalt over her companions, and found about it on a proud and vily passion, thinking all the time, "How much prettier I am than anybody else," then indeed was the wish one of which to be ashamed; but it is no disgrace to any person, whether or large or small, to wish for that beauty which has the power of winning smiles, kind looks, and love. Why any mortal should be doomed to be *destine* of the pleasure gift, is one of the mysteries; and the having missed it is a legitimate and reasonable cause of regret. Why children, or grown people should be considered foolish for desiring beauty is hardly comprehensible.

It is no easy to tell how any one born with all manner of contrary features may have them seduced into a shape of a decision (even through the cross-eyes, turned-up, or humped-backed nose, thick lips, or long-lank mouth, and ruffian-like teeth,) will inevitably gild their faces with a beauty far more attractive than that of perfect features of the possessor of *a cold and selfish heart*. Who cannot think of rough and homely faces made, as we think, more expressive by the "*a great deal of seeming*" in them? and who cannot think of many lovely and beautiful ones that have no more of that attraction than a corn-cob has? When the beauty of an attractive and interesting expression is added to that of perfect features and complexion *what a thing that is to be charming!* One owner of such a dower ought to be glad and grateful for the gift; but wherefore *proud?* Let our child learn to be proud and rejoiced in *the good gift of God*; and let those on whom its bestowed strive to be all the more humble, and grateful, and loving, because of it. Thus will it ever be a joy to look on them; for they will then be not utmost suggestion from which we are taught to be in Heaven. For the consolation of the homely ones, let us remember that it is *but for a season*; because, by-and-by, "He [Christ] changes this vile body, and fashion it like His own glorious body," and then "we shall be *like Him*; for we shall see Him as He is."

LABOR THE CREATOR OF WEALTH.

A novice in reflection would naturally consider the possession of inexhaustible money, gold and silver as the greatest sign of wealth, national or individual. The false position money has been accepted to assume as a supplier of the necessaries and luxuries tastes of society, has begotten the impression that money is the chief wealth. But, upon reflection, how far this conclusion is from fact. Gold and silver bear but a mean relation to the wealth they assist to be in. In Heaven. For the consultation of the homely ones, let us remember that it is *but for a season*; because, by-and-by, "He [Christ] changes this vile body, and fashion it like His own glorious body," and then "we shall be *like Him*; for we shall see Him as He is."

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THE BEST ORDS

Though we get never so much gold, or precious stones, or land for sell, we cannot for silver atone so rich in general blessings to the country, as those which produce the "inner metals and materials," as they are called. A nation devoted to agriculture, commerce, and the arts, with a vast territories to be developed by railroads, canals, manufactories, factories, has a better wealth in mines of Iron, Coal, Lead and Copper, than in plentiful gold or diamonds. Pennsylvania, with her iron and coal mines, may feel herself positioned to compete with, and eventually triumph over, any equal surface of earth lacking those materials, though abounding in gold. With a disposition to industry and enterprise, a people can transmute iron and coal to gold, and the processes of labor, and the amount of labor required in those processes, will impart vigor and sturdiness, instead of the luxurious and vitiation that have followed every people employed for a long time in the search or gathering of gold.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A SUNDAY that since a man named Corcoran who lived in Hopewell, Mercer county, commenced beating his wife on the back with the flat side of knives, when their little girl, about eight years old, rushed for pet kitten and ran with it to the neighbor's, saying she was afraid her father would kill a wife was disliking her mother and the kitten, so she ran to Corcoran's house, but returned late in the evening and found her father lying on the floor dead. Coroner Sharpe, of that county, held an inquest on the body of him.

THERE have been accounts in the daily papers within two weeks of the disappearance of no less than five girls under seventeen years of age, who left their homes under circumstances critical, and have not been heard of since. Parents cannot exercise too much watchfulness, if it be subjected with love and wisdom, over the associations of their daughters. We have every reason to believe that every one referred to has been counted from her home by some heartless villain.

A BEAUTIFUL girl of seventeen, with a plump and symmetrical form, large liquid eyes, blooming cheeks, and seventy-five thousand dollars, lately eloped with a lover unworthy of her affections. The girl's name is Mary Iser her step-father's name, and would permit her to see no more society, or of course she was away with the first man who had set enough to storm her palace. The parties were married and we hope the $75,000 will be used as generously by as to give them a lasting acquaintance.

WITHIN a short time some twenty persons have been arrested in this city for passing counterfeit bank bills and large bills. The bills are of the most dangerous counterfeiting women as well as men, for the purpose of passing off their worthless counterfeits, and are generally the unsuspecting. Parties in the city and in the country should be on their guard against the bills and the persons who have it circulated.

MACAULAY has given up the idea of continuing his history of England volumes to a period within the memory of living men. The great work was begun with the claim it with the death of Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts. The author has no time to bring it down to the present day, but it would take him (at the rate he is going on) over twenty years to do so. Each of the four volumes of Macaulay's History has sold over 20,000 copies.

THERE was a terrible row in a low saloon in Covington a few evenings since, on the occasion of a dance. The participants were all negroes. Pistols were used by the belligerents, and one shot struck a white spectator, and not only broke such other's head, but also broke the pistol with which the shooting was done.

THE Union Bank of Frenchtown, N. J., some time ago, commenced a suit against the Farmers' Bank of Lahaska conspiracy to break the bank by presenting its bills for redemption. The case was decided in favor of the bank by the rendition of a verdict for one dollar damages in favor of the latter.

THE merchandise and capitalists of Washington have petitioned Congress to pass a law making the office to any one who will explain the cause of the mysterious poisoning of the Potomac river fishes, which has already resulted in the death of so many persons.

THE Cuban refugees from Nassau, two women, and a boy about ten years old, were found dead upon the Peterson, Commodore Vanderbilt's steamer, on her passage to this city. They each had a bottle of liquor, partially drained, by their side.

THERE seems to have been a large increase of absconding debtors during the recent panic. An accountant in that section can be relied upon. Why don't some ingenious person invent a way to be responsible for the debts that are run upon by a fashion nod, and dragged from his home to a place of confinement?

MANY eminent clergymen of this city, belonging to various denominations, are at this time giving special attention to the exposition of the immoral consequence of the present day.

ALL late accounts from Nicaragua concur in representing the scarcity of money and the prevalence of it. The "Central American Army" are returning, worn out with fatigue, to their homes.

DURING the period of fourteen weeks ending on Wednesday last, there were 2,000 deaths in this city, and the amount of $7,100,000. This gives an average of over $500,000 per week for the same time.

THE LONDON NEWS gives an account of a child-murder by a servant, who committed the horrid deed for the sake of obtaining about eighty cents of the burial club in which the child was insured.

IN the Court of Sessions in this city there are one hundred and six criminals declared for trial during the May term.

A FEW days since, one of our morning papers published a list of the richest men in modern times. Following woman, one of whom was murdered by her husband.

WIT AND HUMOR.

FAMILY CAUSE.—Captain K., one of the shrewdest merchants in Boston, was in the habit of keeping a boy in the counting-room who was not over bright. One day Biddy ran bound his head one side, and pinned him up to the wall. The boy's mother, who was a washerwoman, came in for pay for his labor, and insisted in the clerk that he had paid. "Why, madam," said the clerk, "I have not paid him," said the clerk. "Why, he rather guessed it was the captain." "Is that so?" said the washerwoman, turning to Biddy. "Oh, yes, yes!" says Captain B., "I suppose so that I do recollect. Let me see, I gave him—I gave him—I gave him—I gave him—I gave him—I did—I did—I did—I gave you your change in half-dollars, didn't I?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "you gave me change in half-dollars." "You gave me change in half-dollars," repeated the washerwoman, "and you pretended to tell me you had paid him!" "Why, madam," said the clerk, "I have not paid him."

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Long have I listened for the trembling voice,
Oft do I sigh to gaze upon thy brow;
At twilight's hour of love I dream alone—
Stranger, seek elsewhere, where—oh, where are thou?
Thy wife has figure clear some form of air
Kiss own, my bright one, let me look on thee.

Thy home is pale, sit, strangely pale and proud;
Thy voice is music and thy heart is high;
Thy spirit's made with a still shroud,
And love, deep love, to in thine ecstasy;
But then thou'rt gone where kiss and dreams are light,
Or fools electric fire from pleasure's sight?

In my thick hair wreath with a golden glow,
Or dark and heavy as the storm-cloud seems?
And does it wander in a wavy line
Best widely worshipped idol of young dreams?
And is the lip whereon each laugh wreaths and shed
Proud with a classic curve or sweet with red?

Tell me, sweet stranger, where thy heart does rest;
When the cold wind bird's weary wings are furled—
Oh, art thou clasped in some fair crowded breast,
Or art thou lonely in a crowded world?
Then whom I love my dreams—tell me, then, where alone—
Her whose my heart is beating now?

Hey, art thou floating on the starry seas,
Or by the Guadalquivir or the Rhine,
Or can mid winds that wear with Aspen trees,
Or where India's moss shows dear shine—
Or in some wee hard—but this need not be
Wert thou thus near, might I not gaze on thee?

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When the cold wind bird's weary wings are furled—
Oh, art thou clasped in some fair crowded breast,
Or art thou lonely in a crowded world?
Then whom I love my dreams—tell me, then, where alone—
Her whose my heart is beating now.

THE WIFE'S CONQUEST.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND RETRIBUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ROSCHE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

We closed the preceding chapter of our story with the expulsion from their island-home of Ambrose and Mary—victims of the slow but certain revenge of Mr. Shenstone. By degrees Mr. Ambrose of the privilege of following his trade of fishing, he hoped by release them to happier fortune. He had bought at a great price, the little island where they dwelt.

It was already star-light when the Sea Bird turned its rudder towards the island and left the little cove. And the evening was still and warm, save one hero and his fair, pale wife in their room at the inn standing together the lines of accompanying sad of type.

"Which way shall I steer, Master Ambrose?" asked the old man Diggon, faithful to the last.

The question seemed to bring Ambrose to a full realization of his situation.

"God will direct. Let us sail before His wind! We look only to Heaven now."

"Ah, Ambrose, don't be so sad," said Mary, with a cheerful voice; "we will yet be happy. If you don't mind this wickedness of Mr. Shenstone, I don't. I have got you, and as long as he could not take you from me I am happy."

"Woman was surely given man for a comfort in adversity" said Ambrose, "for your light-heartedness makes me feel lighter. It was a cruel deed! But a bad man cannot have his revenge, though he wait long for it. But where shall we go? I know no other house" he added heavily.

"Let's go to Virginia—to the city! They will gladly receive us!"

"Virginia has no house of his own, and struggles to get bread for his own and wife's need. When I was in the city last summer, I saw how hard they tried to conceal from me their straits! But I could not think they did not have enough to eat—but not enough to eat, and that all their little money went to pay their lodging; for they only lodged, and he bought and she cooked the food they ate."

"Then we will go to them to work for them and help them. I can sew and so can you, and you can get work, and we will all live together and be so happy."

"That is a happy thought."

"I don't like the looks of that thick-ish cloud in the south-west," interrupted Diggon, pointing in the direction he indicated.

"It looks like as if we would have a blow by-and-by; but we will run into some cove if it comes to blow hard," answered Ambrose, and he then set his head-sail, and "a happy thought, with! Four heads are better than two, and five of them so young and inexperienced—and the wife will sell the Sea Bird in the city, and with the two hundred dollars I shall be able to get a little craft, and we can rent a little tenement, and furnish it with what we have; and if Virginia is too proud to let us in, we will make a little board from him."

"Yes, and we'll make the finest all on our side!" Well tell them we have been turned out of our home and come to ask them for one!"

"This is not bliss, Ambrose; that cloud does not seem to move. I think we will have no blow, to-night."

"The wind is fair for town, sir!"

"Then God sends us to the town. Put her about before it."

"Aye, aye—helm's amid ships. We'll be there by midnight, if an hour sooner."

The island was now about a mile distant on the leeward bow, the gloom of night gathered upon the water, like the change of a huge leviathan. But Mary and Ambrose recognized by the dim starlight every undulation and peculiarity of its pro file.

"I see a light in the cottage window!" she said with emotion.

"How often I have watched that window with the candle placed in it by your hand, Mary, to light me home by night!"

"How the silver grace and shines! They must be building a large fire in the chimney."

"More than that! See, the flames leap out of the little fabric! The house is set on fire!"

"Oh God!" gasped Mary, with clasped hands.

"Yon! see the forked tongues thrust themselves out of the windows now! Our enemy has deceived us! He has not rested the hand—he has set the house with him, but he has set it on fire. Look at the lurid and blood-red sparks that rise! Can you see how the fire shines along the water?"

"My poor cottage! My dear home! My happy home! It is as if the whole world were burning up, when I see that burning, Ambrose!"

"We must bear it patiently. God orders all things. It is good for us to have this grief to bear, I doubt not. So let us be submissive. See what a bright conflagration our enemy has enkindled! See how his fierce anger burns! Happy are we that our lives are not in his hands! When I learn, my poor Mary! Oh, fie! Don't let this make you weep. My indignation scalds and dries to my eyes as a heated stone burns up the drops of rain that fall on it. Let us take courage. The house was no longer ours. He has destroyed not ours but his own."

"But we have lived so many years there, Ambrose!" said Mary, wept more and more as the flames rose higher and higher, lighting up the whole island, and sending its glare far out upon the sea. The sail of the vessel looked crimson in the reflection, and every rope was visible by its light. At length it smouldered and went out, and fire was and the land were re-enveloped in darkness.

"That was a devil-worthy of Robert Kidd," said old Diggon. "The pirates who once lived on that island could have served us no worse."

"Revenge is crueller than piracy," answered Ambrose. "But we must forgive as we all hope to be forgiven. How is the wind?"

"Heading to the east'ard, Master Ambrose!"

"The cloud has come pretty well up into the sky. But I hope we will reach the city before it bursts land!"

The vessel dashed onward at seven knots, and left a wake of phosphorescent light for astern. Mary wept herself asleep on the shoulder of her husband. The Sea Bird passed through Hurlgate with velocity, and not without still motion, and sped onward like a real sea-bird seeking her nest. The fleet looked ominous, and betokened an advancing tempest. Diggon from time to time watched the growing cloud with a suspicious eye.

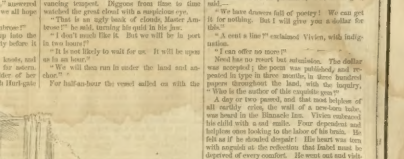
"That is an ugly bank of clouds, Master Ambrose!" he said, turning his quid in his jaw.

"I don't much like it. But we will be in port in two hours!"

"It is not likely to wait for us. It will be upon us in an hour."

"We will then run in under the land and anchor."

For half-an-hour the vessel sailed on with the



THE LANDLORD OF THE SEMINOLE INN WANTS TO KNOW "WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"

wind free on the larboard quarter, and drew near the island of Prisons. Dark and gloomy towered the massive stone-walls beneath the stars, and silent and as unconscious of human turmoil, as Ambrose's imagination, to hang over the spot.

The wind suddenly ceased to blow after the Sea Bird had left this island of woe astern. The experience of Ambrose warned him that this calm was but the forerunner of a gale. The heavens were two-thirds covered with the cloud that had been slowly climbing up the East. Two-thirds of the stars were blotted out by it. Its vast massive edge overhung the vessel like the terror of a beetling cliff. The little vessel rocked lightly on the water, her sails idly flapping.

"We had best take to our swoops and pull in under the land," said Ambrose. "There will be a blow above us!"

But scarcely had he spoken when the sight became suddenly inexpressibly dark. The cloud had, as if at a leap, spanned the whole heavens, and the roar of the distant wind reached their ears.

"It is coming up on us, mate," said Ambrose to the old man; and dropping the oar he had taken, he sprang to the halyards, and hauled the foresail, which he roughly close-reefed. He did the same for the mainsail. Scarcely had he set the last reef-points ere the water to the east was white with foam. He waited Mary and assisted her into the little cuddy or cabin, which he covered with a piece of the canvas that hastened to shelter.

In another moment the gale was upon them. The helm was put up and the Sea Bird was blown before its hurricane under the wind, which it ploughed with a loud roar. The storm came from the east, and the fierce flash of the lightning was alarming velocity. Twice Ambrose tried to bring her to his wind without success. He saw that he could not see the land on either shore. Side by side with Diggon, at the helm, he steered, as well as they were able, in the middle of the sound, as they drew near the port their escapes were marvellous from quicksands, the shoals between Staten Island, and others which dragged their anchors and lay tossing upon their wild track. The lights of the city soon became visible through the darkness, but each moment the gale increased in fury.

"If we escape shipwreck, Mary, we will be set against some of those vessels, it will be because we fall in a charmed circle," said Diggon.

"In a little while we shall be up with the Hook, and we will try to get better under the lee," answered Ambrose; nevertheless he was anxious for the result. Mary still slept in the cuddy unwaked by the roar of wind and waves, the shock of cordage and the tramp on deck.

At the time of which Ambrose Ambrose began to tremble for their safety, and awoke his wife.

"We are in the midst of a fearful cloud Mary, as I ever was out in! The night is dark as pitch. Vessels are all around us, and shores on both sides of the island, and we are driving fast, but not scarcely tell where. You must be on deck and have your wits about you, dear wife, for we shall all have to struggle for our lives! Any moment we may go to the bottom!"

Mary in a moment stood by his side clinging to him. She was appalled by the scene. The thunder peals deafened her! The lightning blinded her most blinded her eyes revealed to her the great peril of the Sea Bird, driving along in a narrow strait filled with vessels driven hither and thither by the gale. She clasped her hands and prayed for the safety of her husband!

"Let us hope, Mary. We are now nearly up with Coenties Hook. Once passing that we can run under the land, and shall be safe!"

But the fate of the unfortunate was that night to be sealed. Old and made up of repairs she was unable to cope with the storm, and began to leak in every seam. She sunk deeper and deeper and could not be steered. Ambrose with care tried to pull towards the land. The Sea Bird, after a struggle, sunk first at the stern and then at the bows, and went boldly down a quarter of a mile from the land. Ambrose, Mary, and Diggon were left floating upon the surface of the water, amid their swimming furniture. The fisherman grasped a table and made his wife cling to it, while he assisted to support her, for he was a good swimmer. Diggon floated upon the hatchway. The storm blowed them swiftly before it, and in a quarter of an hour they were cast upon the shore among the rocks.

Ambrose happy to save his beloved with, drew her upon the dry land, and the old man followed.

"So I save you, Mary, I care not for all the rest," he said, embracing his brave wife, who kept her self-possession through all.

"The Sea Bird is gone, and I might as well be drowned to," growled old Diggon, as he shook the water out of his jacket. "That craft and I have been for seventeen years like mother and child! I would as lief lose my old mother!"

"Never mind it, Diggon! It is God's will! Before night I hope I shall be in a house of my own, mine, and all that I have! But my wife is safe; and I am happy man! Let us try and get somewhere place to shelter her; for the storm will not soon edge overhang the vessel like the terror of a beetling cliff. The little vessel rocked lightly on the water, her sails idly flapping.

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"So I save you, Mary, I care not for all the

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

with such taste that every body liked her bonnets. But she became almost blind; and then she had to be pitied, and she dried up her beautiful smile, and body she also had all the pride of a true born lady that will die before it will make known that it is in want; how she needed till I guessed it. But what could I do, sir? I was scarcely on a level from hand to mouth for myself and three children with my life sleep; but I went here and what I could."

"Heaven will reward you," answered Vivien. "If you will do all you can for the poor lady. I feel a strange interest in her: she is from France, and, I am sure, from the city," he added with a look of pride.

"Her daughter, sir, that the five person I should call in should be her own countryman. Yet you speak English so perfectly!"

"I am an American, but I was fostered and educated here—but good evening. You will soon see me again."

"Heaven bless his handsome face and noble heart!" said the woman, as he left her.

In a few minutes Vivien reached the inn. He displayed with a mysterious pleasure the contents of his purse, and, enjoying the surprise of all there, he told them how he had obtained it, and also how he had given a part of it to a lovely and interesting invalid—a French lady whom he had seen in great need.

"I do not regret the chain," he said, "for it will never do any greater good than it has done to-day. I can get you fully, fruit, meat, good green tea, too, you love so well, dear wife; and oranges for Antonio."

His new wife and old obtained every luxury he felt that his beautiful wife required to restore the contents of his pockets and handed on the table. His much laughed at generosity brought to the wretched! How luxurious men and women created to live forever and ever in glorious worlds beyond this! How can we make to repose by means of a few coins of gold and silver and of the earth's value to us! How can we discard dependent upon earth! the happiness of being made in the image of God, served by "the image and superscription" of the Silas stamped on metal. If the fair individuals who occupied the two six dollar small rooms in Bleecker Inn had passed into Heaven their spirits could hardly have become more happy than they were that one night of eighteen dollars and a half filled them! Oh, ye rich men! who have power and thereby power to make happy those who need! Why are ye blind! How is it that you do not understand what a world of joy is hidden in the tiny fingers of your hoarded dollars! How is it that you do not recognize the power of money and what you can possess! Ye God—but only like God—when good is done with it!

What happiness is there to be conceived by man equal to that of making to smile the face of poverty and filling the heart of want with joy! Riches confer upon the possessor almost a divine redemption! to be made to feel as God feels! to make happiness increase on earth, has a fearful account to render to him who "gives men power to get wealth."

Eighteen dollars soon emit; away where four may go, for we must not forget the lovely babe! have hourly demands upon it. Vivien's best attention was required. It was considered by the waiters married in the time! But how can a starving man write brilliantly! Ha! Ha the broken-hearted sloppellyer, he must play comic characters, though his wife lay dead at home—pay or starve! The world must be amused! The world pays its dollar at the box-office, its three dollars subscription to a magazine, and must be amused! All of which is inevitable and right; though hard on the poor author. The world of prose which was obtained on the chain. Nothing remained but the publishers, and his reputation as a writer would take the story! He knew no other publisher. The miniature was his only resource. Another hour was wasted in the most delightful of all to see, and sun, and face.

"I have not eaten since yesterday!" Dayon doubt if it is me! I know I am greatly altered. Do you know me?" she said, with an anxiety of soon yes when you came in and so charitably relieved my misery, and you left me without a word, doing something I resolved to find you out; and by sending some one to follow you I found where you lived?"

"My mother! Yes! It is my mother! It is my mother! I knew it would be so! I knew you would find that I had seen you. My heart told me before we were in sympathy, and now I understand the reason why that noble eyes have been always taunt me. Heaven has surely created this hour and blessed them!"

It would be in vain to say and describe all the words, and looks, and tears of joy that were of just that now followed. Doubt of the identity of Vivien with the hot lady, and of the marchioness with the Madame Eugenie, did not occur to Madame and the captain evinced their full confidence in the gentleman's honor and delicacy, by at once placing in our hero's hands a thousand dollars for which Vivien gave them an order on the bank agents, and Mary with them, and by making preparations for their departure in the next steamer for Havre.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE GUILTY THE FIRST TO ACCUSE.

It may be observed, perhaps without exception, that where one is industrious to accuse another, or so ready to impute it, as they whose crimes are most notorious and flagrant. They carry an abominable reputation, and what they carry they are busy to throw off from them on the enemy's shoulders in a manner, and more corrupt than others; and there fore willingly pull down from their elevations those who are above them, because they are conscious of their own guilt, and that they are not worthy to stand in such a station, or prevail on others to imitate his defection

THE FATE OF THE ACCUSED.—It often happens that those who in their lives were applauded and

that those who in their lives were applauded and commended, are but as that is the general and common lenor of a sense; because by those examples with which many were delighted, they had been obliged; and, though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them.

ALL LOVE IS GOOD.—The attachment of anything in this cold, calculating world is worth something. The career of a dog—the mute expression of welcome in the bright, full eye of a favorite horse—the pur of a common house-cat—are all links in one chain of sympathies, and help to soften and enlarge our hearts.

A MEMORY OF MAY.

BY WILLIE E. PARSE.

The fields were white with the clover blow
And the air a-blow with sweet perfumes;
And the blossoms blushed on apple trees,
And the robin's cry was on the breeze,
And over the earth the robe of May
Was thrown with the hue it wears to-day.

But since fields are white and odors sail on
Though both were sweet and one was fair,—
And apple-blossoms and may of bud,
By no sweet a scent I "Sweet" would,
For under the spreading maple tree
My true love sat and talked with me.

No pilgrim I, to ruined shrine;
A living hope and joy seeking;
And then the knights of olden time,
I past my sweet devotion giving.
Yet my gentle beauties heed,
And love, sweet words to answer said;

And then the cooing of my love
Was sweeter than the melody of May.
And all our hours since then have been
A memories of that evening.

When hope vanished, as roses do,
Revealing its sweet heart to view,
The mirror of this coming bower,
In sunshine robed and crowned with flowers.

Love sat not in the passing years
Their augury of hopes and fears

Have left; but still our hearts are young,
All when the song of youth we sang.

And hand in hand we walk to-day
And when, beneath the skies of May,

In shade of maple trees we walked,
And of our future plans we talked.

And now, in looking back, our eyes
See all those things, with glad surprise;

And that their anniversary,
This loving Memory of May

THE LAST DAY.

BY EMILY GODFREY.

The long, wearisome term is over. No more thinking of lessons, no more rising at the first sound of the bell—no more dismal drumming upon the old piano that stands in the "room" below. No more compositions, no more interminable questions, no more recitations—for school is over, and vacation has begun.

They stand, for the last time, in the old familiar school-room group of girls and boys, who have been so happy here together. They look out of the window, and see the yellow-covered stage standing at the door of the post-office across the road. Then they smile fatally at each other, and each one expresses the pleasant joy he or she feels that they are having. But it will not do. They begin to realize that they are separating—perhaps forever—and they cannot so gay in the hour of the parting.

The preceptor comes in, and bids them "good-bye," one after another. They have often murmured at his severity, but they feel grateful for it now. They have been kept in order, and they have learned much, and that is forgotten now, and they stand around him, and obtain his paternal blessing and words of advice. And when his voice grows hoarse and trembling as he says "God bless you," and "farewell," they, too, sudden tears in their eyes, syringe up in every heart, and never dies away in the hour.

Some one sits down to the piano and strikes a few full chords. They gather around her. She looks up at a handsome young man, with soft blue eyes and sunny hair. He is not looking at her, but is busy with the piano. A shudder, like pain, flits over her face, and she begins to sing that sweet old song that has thrilled so many hearts—

"When shall we meet again—
Meet again—meet again?"

All join with her—there are suppressed note among some of the girls, and many eyes are dim. But the youth with the blue eyes and sunny hair is quiet and unmoved.

The last song comes dashing up to the door, followed by some dozen carriages, of all sizes and descriptions, just as the song is finished. Then you can hear the rattle of trunks, and there is a little time for farewells. A hasty kiss—a promise to write—and the boys are off, and a few days they will look back upon that time, and their hearts will ache and ache, when they are full so much. But they are but boys and girls of sixteen now. Time will teach the men and women of them, and in his kind, but sad way, he will do so.

One by one, and two by two, the weeping groups break up. How strange and still the house seems now that they have all gone. And yet not all. The old piano is not yet closed. Some one is still playing, and the girl who played and sang. How changed her face looks like pain!

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Why does she come dashing up to the door, and then she stands at the door, and then she goes back to the room?

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When my last sunset is under a cloud,
Let not your sorrow be bitter nor loud,
But strew some pale violets over my shroud,
When I am dead.

For while the wise watchers are out of the room,
And children are crooning the garland for bloom,
You will come to me, love, in the starlight gloom,
When I am dead.

Smooth the dark tresses from my white cheek,
Press down my eyelids so naturally meek,
And trust very softly, but fast to my mouth
Because I am dead!

Kneel by me, Alda, and murmur a prayer,
Clasping my two hands so slender and fair,
And through the dark silence I pray you I shall hear—
If I be dead!

Weep not for me, though scarcely away
From all the still pleasure of life's sunny May,
Think of me often, but, sweet, never say—
Alas! I am dead!

Though a pale face of marble will claim, as now
Shall part the June sunshine away from the rose
To watch for your coming at the cold door,
When I am dead!

When the red summers in loveliness break,
Crown for the grave that the strangers have made,
And smile that no sweetly my slumber I take—
Peaceful and dead.

For the world never loved me, and yet it was best—
Better for you, love, glad joy to be true
With the wail of the orphan or naked down in my breast—
When I am dead.

The plaints I gave you but harvest done, keep—
Look at it, Alda, but never to weep.
For her sake who so utterly fails before
In the hour I am dead!

Now kiss me, my Alda, and leave me alone,
Under the cypresses, in the moonlight moan,
And I see the white splendors that call from the throne,
Where none ever are dead!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT;

OR,

HARRY RICHMOND AND HIS BRIDE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Love, passionate young Love, how sweet it is
To have the bosom made a paradise
By him, by him with whom we make exile!

CHAPTER I.

Harry Richmond, a young man of twenty-two years and fortune, newly-made, in an extensive jobbing line in New York, found himself one winter even ing in a spacious up-town church. The immense building was thronged by as much wealth, beauty and fashion, and of more than ordinary intelligence. Consciousness that were languid amid the excitement of fashionable life, because the mind was soul found no food in the books upon which it fed in such scenes, here lighted up and became active as shone with a new and lofty beauty. Young and old, alike, sat entranced by the solemn music and reverend orator, as he presented to them a theme of surpassing interest, clothed in language the most appropriate, and uttered in a voice which perfectly harmonized with the emotions called forth by his words.

It was the first of a course of lectures by Dr. ——, and Harry, who had often listened to the intelligent pleasure to the preaching of this celebrated divine, was among the first to secure a seat on the occasion of his delivery. At Harry, though young, and handsome, and wealthy, and the favorite of a large circle of fashionable acquaintance, was devoted to intellectual pursuits, in which he spent nearly the whole of his leisure hours.

Wedded to books, and a votary of science, and consciously enthusiastic in the fulfilment of his business duties, his time had been so fully occupied as never to leave him leisure for juvenile flirtation, or mere mature love-making. At twenty-five his heart had never acknowledged another mistress than knowledge, and it was with a new and sweet sake that he made one of Dr. ——'s brilliant audience on that winter night.

But he was not destined to return to his home that night so heart-free. The lecture was but half concluded when a slight bustle near one of the entrances attracted Harry's attention. He turned, suddenly and involuntarily, to see the cause of the disturbance. But his eyes, which had hitherto been riveted on the speaker, were not at all removed from the ward him again, and his attention, which had until that time been undivided, could not be restored. A sentiment, an emotion had arisen in his soul that was to change the whole current of his existence, a change compressed then and there, startlingly, suddenly, but which was to end only with life.

Near him, and within the observation of his vision as he turned his eyes toward the door, sat a young lady. Many ladies, some younger and more beautiful, the glance might at first encounter, or rested upon, but he saw only one.

It was a fair, delicate countenance upon which his glance rested. Deep violet eyes, half shaded by the long, heavy lashes, a pure, white brow, and fair hair in long bright ringlets, falling adown the pure oval of her face, and partly confined by the form of her pretty blue hat, were in the shadowy lace, and delicate flowers, and floating plumes.

On the same face, which she at first inadvertently was always beautiful through every varying emotion, an unusual enthusiasm was visible. Her cheek was a deeper lustre in the violet eyes, and a shrill slight and rosy though it was, on the fair cheek which did not always linger in delicate outline. Her lips were slightly parted, and her glance never wavered from the speaker. She sat there in one of her restless innocence all unconscious of the spell which her graceful beauty had thrown over the sensitive palpitations of her heart unquickened by the humiliation breathing of another so near her. And while she listened with deepening enthusiasm to the brilliant eloquence of the lecturer, another read from her face, as from a beautiful page, the records of a pure life, of innocent yet lofty thoughts, and of a woman fitted and formed

Once, only, her gaze wavered, and influenced by that strange magnetic instinct, which all have felt, but for few sought to analyze or comprehend, that conveys to us the knowledge of the fact that eyes and glance are fixed upon us, she turned her glance for an instant in the direction of her unknown worshipper. Glance followed glance over her fair face a deep rosy blush rose up, flushing the pure brow as the crimson dots of sunset flush the snowy clouds that the strangers look upon. Then her gaze was again fixed upon the speaker, and as she listened, Harry watched the color receding, and saw the serene expression which had for a moment been disturbed settle again upon the exquisite face.

So absorbed was he in his contemplation, that he did not hear the concluding remarks of the lecturer, and was only made aware that he had finished by the rising of the audience.

The young lady, whom he watched, was much nearer the door than himself, and fearful lest he should lose sight of her in the departing crowd, he elbowed his way almost fiercely, heedless of many ungentle remarks that saluted him, until he stood almost by her side—so near that the soft folds of her garments touched him as she walked, and the tip of her merry shell-like fanned his cheek. He listened to her voice, clear, low, and sweet, as she conversed with her companions—an elderly gentleman and a girl of fifteen, evidently a younger sister; and when they reached the pavement he still stood beside them.

It was a night of extreme cold, and Harry saw the fair girl as she kindly wrapped her sister's cloak more closely about her, and heard her ad monish "papa" of a slight cold with a tone and manner that told of a loving thoughtfulness for others.

He walked on for a short distance, and Harry followed, for in whatsoever portion their business or pleasure lay, he was determined to keep by their side. They reached an avenue and stood waiting for an omnibus, and Harry waited too. He watched patiently in spite of the piercing wind that swept down the broad street, and wrinkled about the corner, for his eyes were fixed upon the soft face before him unlearned, with a weapon and reverent expression. Another slight cold was evidently there, a cloud of sweet studded with myriads of stars gleaming in cold silvery light.

He was aroused, at length, by the thundering roar of the omnibus, as it rolled toward them over the frozen street, and, almost involuntarily, he gallantly lowered the party into the huge machine.

The young lady thanked him politely as him, as he entered, and he thought that he saw, by the dim light of the lamp, another flushing glow pass over her face. But she turned away and conversed with her companions, and Harry fell into a reverie as he gazed upon her beautiful profile, half shaded by the bonnet's brim. On and on they went, until they came to a stop before a handsome private mansion, but new almost deserted except by the middle or poorer classes of New York. Here he and Harry had almost arrived at the conclusion that the party were about to cross over one of the numerous ferries that lead to the Long Island or New Jersey shores, when the gentleman suddenly pulled the strap, and the stage stopped.

The young girl had, perhaps, forgotten his presence, for she did not turn her head as he followed them from the stage, but walked away leaving upon her father's arm. He still kept them in sight, and footfall with their own, though keeping at a short distance behind, until he saw them ascend the steps of one of the finest of the splendid mansions in which the street was lined. And no sooner was the door closed behind them, than he rushed forward, and ascending the steps, endeavored, by the dim light of the lamp over the door, to read the name upon the plate, and the number above the entrance. The latter he could not, after much trouble, but the letter was beyond his ken. But he was not to be enough, and resolved to visit the spot by daylight, and, if possible, to catch another glimpse of the fair violet eyes and that exquisite face.

Nothing of the kind happened, and casting a lingering glance up at the darkened front of the tall dwelling, he at length departed, cold, weary, and cold, and fatigue were also forgotten as he hurried homeward in a strange tumultuous waking dream, that lasted through the long night as he wore sleepily upon his pillow.

The next morning his mother and sisters wondered at his strange absence of mind, and when they chided him for quite neglecting his meal, and his coffee instead of the egg-cup, and turning the contents of the vinegar cruet upon his breakfast cake, he only blushed and muttered something something about "violet eyes" and "a Grecian profile." But when they questioned more closely they saw him, a few moments after, go down the steps with hat and cloak like servant-maids, and ask him with his hat. One of the sisters flew to the door to beg him to remain at home if he felt ill, and they also discovered the waiter in the basement sleeve amid gloomy forebodings of burned windows, and straightforward, and straightforward.

Meanwhile Harry pursued his way down town, but not in the direction of his business. For seven lively his footsteps turned toward that dim and quiet street where dwelt the object of the preceding evening, and soon he stood before the tall dark house into which had vanished that vision of youth and beauty. And there he stood in some doubt as to the door which he was ever was born. Again he gazed up at the dim number, and then down the steps, startled by the sunlight that poured through the open shutters, and, as he felt, lighted up pleasantly the large bow window wherein his soul's destiny sat.

There were flowers and cages of singing birds in the window, and Harry felt rewarded for his labor and fair height face bending over them, and he tried to picture her as he had seen her, startlingly, tious, and sighed to see her once again. But that fair, dark door was closed, and no one was in the street, and away from the gentle influences of that home; and yet there were stronger barriers between himself and that fair face than the mansion daily become the light of his eyes, and the desire of his heart. Two worlds were between them, and strong—the social and bars of worldly conventionalities.

Dissatisfied with himself and all around him, he was about turning disconsolately away, when the door suddenly opened, and a servant-girl, fresh and fair, in a tasteful though simple street-dress, stood within. Harry saw that she was above the threshold, and she was about to shut the door after her, when he stepped up and politely said—"Customer, Conscience," and she turned to meet the young sister who had accompanied her on the preceding evening, a few words were exchanged, and then she tripped down the steps, while the door disappeared from the sight of Harry turned in the direction of Broadway.

He had heard and seen the youthful name he thought, and he repeated it as he followed her along the street, and watched her graceful undulating walk—Constance Somerton.

He watched her until he saw her disappear in a crowded thoroughfare, and then he went on his business, for the daughter of the rich merchant, Somerton, was the only child of a partner and clerks were already in a state of astonishment at his unusual absence.

Harry was a junior letter-S, in the directory, soon put him in possession of the business of James Somerton, and then he set about to form a new acquaintance with the fair daughter of the said James. You would have smiled to see how easily fellow that day. He no longer dreamed, he went to work in the most wide-awake manner.

He soon became aware of a peculiarity connected in Mr. Snowdon's line of business, which he fortunately had a clue to, and that was, that he and that in such a manner as to seem to be seeking, somewhat, his own advantage. Then he made a tour of the stores and offices of all his Broadstreet acquaintances, bursting in and out like a whirlwind, until he found somebody who knew Mr. Snowdon; and then he hurried that unfortunate individual, forthwith, to the office of his popular law clerk, and compelled him, then and there, to perform such a ceremony of introduction, between himself and that venerable gentleman, as caused a vigorous hand-shaking, after the overpowering American fashion, for the space of about five minutes. And then, when the two had recovered from their paroxysms of delight, and had exchanged the results of their mutual congratulations for that morning, they looked at each other with the eyes of merchants, and forthwith proceeded to business.

Within two days this interview resulted in two desirable consequences. Mr. Snowdon purchased five thousand dollars, and Harry Richmond received a most pressing invitation to pass an evening in the Snowdon mansion.

The story might as well end here, I suppose, for no one of my readers is so stupid as to doubt the denouement. Unless, indeed, it may be some of my fashionable young and unfortunate fellow-dudes, who are firmly persuaded that "the course of true love never does run smooth," in the instance there was not even a ripple in the stream. Harry's fair person and distinguished manners at once won the favor for him in the estimation of Constance Somerton. And when, after a suitable time, he "did" her to be formally his, she said yes, and only but firmly, and placed her hand in his with a confidence that was unmingled with coquetry.

Mr. and Mrs. Snowdon gave their consent gladly, for they, too, adored and loved Harry, and thought that they could live in the same mansion with him. And, though Harry's mother and sisters at first made some disparaging remarks about "Grecian beauty" and "low connection," for Constance Somerton was only the granddaughter of a grocer, both socially and geographically, yet they too loved and admired her, and Harry's pride was much charmed with her beauty and grace as Harry had been; and as once admitted her into their hearts and home, they were all happy in the result. Mr. Snowdon, a polished gentleman of the old school, chose to live in the fine, old, and now rather thoroughly comfortable mansion that had been the home of his ancestors, and Harry lived with his wife lovely wife they were equally pleased.

Harry's sisters, then, stood beside Constance as her bridesmaids when, one morning in early spring, she and Harry were married by the Rev. Dr. ——, and they were present when they left the house three months previous. And the most splendid dinner upon which they had ever partaken was Harry's mother and the whole circle of his fashionable acquaintance welcomed the newly-married couple on their return from a bridal tour.

Harry and Constance, youthful, handsome, and loving, blessed with a similarity of tastes and feelings, with wealth and station, and all worldly gifts, and blessed with mutual love, and deep affection, and confidence in the power and suffering, have commenced their married life with the happiest of auspices. And so, loving and beloved, we will leave them for a time, and through the world together, through its storms and its sunshine, assisted by their perfect union in each other, and a serene faith in the great All-father.

PASSERS BY.

BY TAMAR ANNE KIMMINS.

The old and young—the rich and poor—
The sorrowful with the light of love,
Affluence clad in a robe of green,
And Poverty wearing the cloak of woe,—
All passed my window side by side,
Like shadows on a magic screen.

And there I sat in languid way,
Happy children dancing along
Choosing a joyful play;
And beautiful maidens with brows so fair,
Flooded with loads of waving hair,
Passed by, and I watched them as in a dream,
Bright eyes and cheeks that were rosy there,
And hearts from sorrow free.

Laborers wearily joined the crowd,
Bent with the weight of years,
And a puzzled look with a frown on his face—
So wrinkled with care and toil—
Whose appearance gave me the notion
Begged alms in vain—for the love of God
Makes the rich reign on earth.

I passed on the scene in the shades of night
Wrapped in a mystic calm to gloom,
With the morning sun I awoke to each day,
Recognized each as the friend of the day before,
Throwing cheerful light—sending shadows away;
Then should I ever grow old, and lose my way?
For we all travel on towards the tomb.

MARRIAGE—LOVE.

Marriage without love is like life without health. There is no need to exhort a woman to love her husband; it is enough for her that she is told so; even if her heart be pre-occupied, the married tie or indifference, and she will succeed in blunting the keen wait of affection and kindness on his part prevail.

Her first sensation is a sort of wonder at the good fortune that has given her to the man of her choice; her second, a sense that she is the real property of him; and her third, a strong desire to become worthy herself and that which constitutes her husband's wife to distinguish her among so many, that in her eyes he is the most worthy.

Oh! that woman's nature were more studied by her self-love! Could she become her readers and questions! that they could feel the responsibility, deep, trusting loneliness; her quick perception of change and indifference, her unequalled capability of loving; the necessity to her happiness of being the first, greatest object of existence! Then, indeed, beautiful love and tenderness are accorded her! All is returned to her a hundred fold, and she will enjoy self, opinion, long-formed habits, and principles, without that, and keep on her wealth, splendor, and position, and be a happy wife and loved wife! Many a woman languishes amid abundance, and is wretched for the want of one thing, if the latter possess the blessing of connubial love.

A JOHNSONIAN REPLY.

Dr. Johnson being introduced to a reverend preacher, had been long silent in a manner of hovering him, the latter took the opportunity of waiting upon the doctor through St. James's Park, for the purpose of entering into conversation with him. The doctor, however, did not happen to be in a very communicative humor, and the bishop was in a low kind kind of remark to venture upon by way of opening a conversation; at length, after a pause, turning to his companion, he said, by way of saying something, "I perceive, these cells to which canines and friendship might have escaped him, is surely to buy and sell, no dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman authors, to sell by lading all for which a wise man would live.

JUDGE NOT ON SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.

Such is the state of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, sometimes rising and tending to the whole compass of duty, and sometimes falling into a narrower space, and circumscribed in a few avenues of the heart, while all the rest is left open to the incursions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedness. Nothing therefore is more unjust than to judge of man by less short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens, that in the love, and thoughtless, and delighted, there is a secret natural world, which they shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is not yet extinguished, but may by the breath of counsel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

MY DOG.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Alone! I have written the word many times, but never did its meaning sink so deeply into my heart before! I am alone!

For nine long months, I have had a friend. A friend who always loved me, and who met me gladly—a friend who watched every change of my countenance with an earnest eye, and gave me a heartfelt sympathy, when I was merry or sad. The sun and frost and dread I have never known! Alas—for human nature—that friend was only my dog!

"Only" my dog! Should I speak of him so? Was he not far more tender and more true than all who have professed to be my friends? Oh! he was! My poor "Fred," it is thus that my friendship for you is! Let me atone for offending you!

I have had a friend, and now he is gone! I shall never see him more—never hear that glad bark nor see that feathery tail give me a graceful welcome home again. I may enter my room whenever I like, but all is silent there—no head down in the easy chair, and look into the glowing fire, nor had the glossy head been used to lie half supported by my hand, in expectation of the usual caress—I may also call up my pet and shut the day's work, but the soft, brown eyes that used to watch me so lovingly, and brighten like diamonds, when the pen was laid aside, are closed in death—and oh, I have not the heart to work, since I have lost him!

My need now is for the dead, and the manuscript carefully by. No need to pile the books for my self-confessed lover. He knew me for himself—for "Fred" will never touch them again. Nor will he ever glitter by the mass of books thinking thus, I sometimes half forget my grief, and, laying down my pen, expect to hear the familiar bark for admittance at the door. But all is silent!

How soon the sky has changed. But a moment ago all was bright and sunny, and now the dark clouds are rising fast, the storm begin to blow, and the first drops of rain strike upon my window. The last will, upon that little lonely grave that has grown behind the house. For the first time, I may not shelter him in the storm. For the first time, I realize that I have lost him—forever!

A sense of utter desolation comes over me. All the losses of my earlier years, come to make this last more bitter. All the treachery that has wrenged and embittered my life, comes up, to show me how true and faithful was this humble friend. My heart swells—my head throbs—I feel that I am weep!

And so the year's sweet companionship is over. The place is vacant, that can never be filled again. A common friend might easily be replaced—but one like this, is rarely found. I shall walk alone over the sunny hills this summer, and miss the joyous companion that made me smile so often. Only one little year ago—I shall sit in my quiet room, and lose all the stillness—I shall turn from the bright sunny day, and I shall weep bitter tears alone for you, dear "Fred." No more! Oh it is hard to say those words. And I cannot still to know, that though in another world the Infinite hopes for me, I shall never see a pair of blue hunting grounds of the Great Spirit" to-gether—that I am mine my eyes. It is hard to word—but it must be said—"Farewell." Farewell to more of earth's dearest ties. I have now but known before—farewell to more of love and kindness and perfect devotion, than I can dare hope to meet again!

"Close the lid—the little coffin cover—
Let the dead dog rest in the grave!"

THE SELF-DESPATCH OF THE WICKED.

It is generally not so much the desire of men, such into depravity, to deceive the world as themselves; few suffer the particular circumstances of their them dependant on others, infamy disturbs them little, but as it involves their remorse, and hinders them from their own hearts. The sentence most dreadful to that of others, and most common, which they would engage on their side as any price but the labors of duty and the sorrows of repentance. For this purpose every sentimental sophism is sought, the hopes still rest upon some new experiment till life is worn out, and the last hour comes on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in deceiving others, and repressing the sense of the Divine disapprobation.

THE EXPENSE OF SUSPICION.

Suspicion is a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly reckoned the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is so painful to the mind of stung long continued; a pain to which the state of the soul man bears a very exact analogy who does never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, and is constantly upon the watch against the frauds and fears to intrust his children, or his friend, with the secret that lies sleeping in his breast, and the anxieties that break into his face. The world, at this expense, these evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman authors, to sell by lading all for which a wise man would live.

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.

Scaramoza, a celebrated Italian wit, returning one day from home, found himself, when within a short distance of Rome, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But resolved not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and supporting quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He soon ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself; without the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and sat and drank according to his fancy. When he had at length drained his wine, and regaled himself with a short nap for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. The bill being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me anything relative to the host of this place?"

"Oh, yes, signior, I dare say;" for a waiter is never at a loss.

"For what reason," continued Scaramoza, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?"

"His life, signior, certainly," said a waiter.

"But if he only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?"

"Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury."

"And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal the host a sound box on the ear, what will you pay for that?"

"For that," replied the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signior; no more."

"Then send your master to me," cried Scaramoza, "and I shall thank you for it."

Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest confronted himself in such a manner, and made such accusations against extortion, such threats, and with such an appearance of anger and resentment, that Scaramoze purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear such usage, fell upon his knees, and cried,

"I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scaramoza, rising, "for I am sure that I am still I wanted with you—truly obliged to you, my good host, indeed! Well, thank you for the favor. I will here in right livres, and the fine upon your assault is but, however, if you will have the goodness to pay for my dinner, I will not insist but I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite enough."

A FALSE NOTION CORRECTED.

The world has been long acquainted with the mention of policy in public transactions, and of art in private life; and both have been considered as a matter of force of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of ordinary capacities; but it is the result of a great performance, either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not be performed by the highest talents of prudence, without the assistance of any other powers. To conceal what we do, and to appear what we are not, cannot perform, to fairer ambition with properties of honesty, and integrity; and he that is a good scab pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes; can never be without making merits or pretexts, and mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot repent.

These practices are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no strength to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; and he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtlety, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not despised a man lesser than themselves, who was hindered from obtaining their stratagem, and by folly, but by innocence.

GOOD HUMOR.

Good humor may be defined a habit of being pleased, and consists in a peculiar mildness of temper, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of a new fortune are subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by the gentle undulations of complacency. Good humor is a state between gaiety and uneasiness; the one is too elevated, and the other too depressed to be regarded as the gratification of another.

Good humor may be many, that whenever they appire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights of extravagance, and by sallies of folly; whereas those men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they are unable to please long, to enjoy them a little, and then retire to coolness and good humor, as the eye gains awhile on eminences of brightness, but with the sun, because unable to retire to verdure and to freshness.

Good humor is therefore no animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other entertains and refreshes them; gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the boorers of good humor are inoffensive accompany its wearing, or are left behind in every walk of life, and good humor bears no faculties which every one does not desire to find in his friend, and pleases principally by not offending.

A GREAT AND OLD WRONG.

Historians are certainly chargeable with the depreciation of mankind, when they attribute to every common these strangeness of war by which the virtues of a nation are displayed, and its happiness secured. A ship comes before a port, weather-beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the favor of the inhabitants to refresh and repair themselves with necessaries, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants conducts the sailors into the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, and the sailors are treated to encourage habitation. But surely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted by those rules which are the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies who violate the common rights of humanity, and execute the unalienable laws of nature and society, and fill the world with violence and confusion, and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus required by the law of nature, and by reason, we have reason by such treachery may be justly denied the protection of their native country.

USELESS HAPPINESS.

Useless happiness we cannot expect in this world; but so long as we have feelings and passions, and affections lying not dormant, but overlying within us, and, like hungry children, importuning us for food, which we never presently find, it is vain for any philosophy to preach about happiness. Nature is stronger than philosophy, and passion is more arbitrary than reason. No man ever was governed by reasons. It is a pilot, but the pilot is not the governor.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

BALLAD

BY ALICE CARY.

On an icy little hummock,
And on what you will see,
On minute fields, and all the fields
As white as they can be,

Fit on your crimson cashmere,
And hood to suit and warm,
With all the woollies lining,
And never heed the storm.

For you must find the sullier
In the west of Westburg-town,
And bring me meal to feed my cows,
Before the sun is down.

Then wake the train hundredfold,
From sleeping on her arm,
And look her crimson cashmere,
And hood with comfort warm.

And bridle with its bauble
Of silver, from the shed,
And make your little palfrey trot
Was hoping to be fed.

Then on the sullier's doorstone
In the west of Westburg-town,
She drops the bridle-bauble down,
And springs her silver shoon.

And when to her cried mother
Turned round, as if he said,
"How cold I am," she took her hood
And put it on her head.

And spoke she to the sullier
"Nine cows are shelled at home,
And better for them bags of meal
To feed them, I am sure."

Now when the sullier saw the price
She brought, was not by half
Enough to buy three bags of meal,
He filled her sack—still chaff.

The maid was wild and weary,
The snow was thick and fast,
At home the nine hundredfold
All shivering with the cold.

Beside the door black with ice
And through the frozen wood
The snow upon her hair, the while
A pattering blew down.

And when beside the red fire
She sat head veiled about,
Her pretty crimson cashmere
Was whiter than a cloud.

"Go down, you ugly hundredth,"
The old dame cried, "and see
You've been a long time getting
From the west of Westburg-town!"

And from her sides scold:
Forth trotted the nine cows,
And the sleeker side hundredth
Were fewer before the house.

Then came the reindeers, one and all,
With embroidery bows,
Morning because the dame had fed
The hungry of her cows.

And coming the rich sullier
In black, mounted on
Her sable steed, the sleigh of chaff
And empty of meal.

Poor Lord, how little men's around
The effigy of wrong alone,
And no human right is found,
In he who judges best.

FOREST SKETCHES.—NO. 23.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DENLAP.

THE CATAMOUNT.

As Fletcher acted in the capacity of a sort of body servant to our whole party he had an apartment in the house on the same floor with ourselves. Ben Gilroy and Ned Hobson had the passage on the rear side, while Harris, Gail, and myself occupied the opposite room in front. Between these two rooms were two large closets, one of which had a small window looking out upon the east of the building. Into this latter place we put Fletcher. All would have gone well enough had not an inordinate propensity which the darkey had for snoring. When he went to bed rather more fatigued than usual he would snore like the puff of a locomotive. He could be heard all over the house; and Mahmey averred as that she often feared some of us were making a target of him for the deep snores of Fitz's naval organ reached her ears.

We frequently made him a dozen times in a night. We would put him over upon his side, and make him promise to remain in it; but so long he would tumble over on his back again, upon his mouth, and go it with renewed force.

On the night succeeding our "ducking" adventure the old darkey commenced to snore worse than ever. He rolled and tumbled in his bed, but was beset with a bad cold. We awoke him twice, but it was of no use. At last I leaped from my bed, determined to put a stop to it somehow, or else to leave the snoring sleeper out of the house. I could not get to sleep at all. I had been lying as vain for three mortal hours. I was weary and fatigued from the labors and sport of the day, and sleep I must have at some rate.

The door of Fitz's closet opened from the narrow hall, or entry, between the two rooms; and in this entry I met Ben. We had both arisen for the same purpose. He could not sleep any more than I could.

"Look here, Colonel, how can we stop that thundering noise?" said old Ben.

I told him I was determined to find some way to stop it, if I had to hire one of the boys to come in and hold his nose.

Ben heard me through, and as my last remark fell upon his ear he clapped his hands, and told me to slip on my pants, and he would do the job. He and having procured a light my companion led the way down stairs.

A few days before a Yankee pedlar had been along, and among other things he had some patent clothes-pins. They worked upon a spring, and were shut upon the line by a spiral spring, opening and shutting like a charm. By pressing the two upper ends together the lower ones were spread apart, in which position it could be placed upon the clothes-line, or anything else of a proper size, and upon letting go suddenly it would close tightly upon the object. Ben overheard the pedlar selling them, and being taught three dozen of them, and when he had attended to our wants had the forethought to have started back upstairs.

We entered Fitz's room—here was no need of candles, for he slept like a log—and while I held the light Ben prepared to play a stopper on the old fellow's trumpet. Oh, he was snoring gloriously! The sheet was falling out like the rear of a bounce ball. But back.

Ben pressed the patent clothes-pins open to its utmost capacity, and adroitly slipped it over the darkey's great broad nose. He was careful to put it on far enough so that it should close over both nostrils; and as soon as he had done this he gradually eased away his hold upon it, fearing that if he left it clasp too suddenly it would awaken the old chief. Finally the pin was on—the sheet having arranged to regain its usual position, and old Fitz's nose was pinched up till the end of it looked like a great black plum. Of course no more breath could escape that way. His nostrils were shut up as tightly as though they had grown up entirely. He gasped a few times; struggled to free his nose; turned one way, and then the other; groaned heavily; had finally sailing upon his back once more, he threw open his cavernous mouth—and slept on.

Fletcher snored no more that night!

In the morning Ben and I were first awake. We aroused the others, and they came down to a look at old Fitz. Our movements had started him from his sleep. He was just lifting himself to a sitting position in his bed as we entered. The pin was still upon his nose, and he was breath lag heavily.

"How d'ye feel, old Ebo?" asked Ben, restraining his laughter as best he could.

"O, Ben's feel, I feel dreadful. I done lit all night, an' I daik hardly know, I had a got a yoke yesterd'y fo' dat weather."

As the darkey could not speaking he carried his hand to his nose, and finding the clothes-pin it was open.

"Why, what de debbil dis?" he exclaimed, as he took it off. He could hold in no more. Ben burst first, and we all followed him. Old Fitz leaped from his mattress like a shot from a gun, and he looked; but we were out of his way in a moment.

By the time the old fellow got dressed he had had time for reflection. He remembered that we had threatened to put him to sleep in the hen's nest with the other darkeys. He didn't stop snoring, and this even will had told him why that pin had been put upon his nose. He came out laughing, but with the solemn promise that old Ben should "get paid for dat trick."

But, strange to it may appear, that "trick" cured Fitz of snoring. Ever after that, as long as our party stopped on the back while asleep, and began to snore, he would start over upon his side and stop. The fear of another trick would keep him awake; but his sufficiently to cause his first few notes of snoring to operate as an alarm upon him.

We had quite a laugh over our breakfast, and though Mahmey said that Ben was bad to play the poor fellow so, yet she could not help feeling thankful that the house had remained in quiet through the night. The darkeys were sent out to the bayou with our drag and got our game as stated in our last sketch; and when we returned we found dinner ready for us. We sat down to the meal, and were just moving back from the table when one of the negro women, a house-maid, named Sophy, came rushing in with terror depicted upon every feature.

"Oh! Mas'r Smit'! *Mas'r Gail!* Mas'r Ben! Oh! do!"

The poor woman spoke thus far, and then sank down.

"Don't say a word," whispered our host. "She'll tell us quicker if you leave her to herself."

"Oh! Mas'r Ben! Oh! Mas'r Gail! Oh! Mas'r Smit'! Oh! do! Mas'r Smit' will see Towsee, an' I spec's she be eaten by de catamount, and when we found her she was a dyin'! Oh! Mas'r, can't ye sabe her?"

Uncle Abner started up from the table, and could we very quickly that he cared as much for this poor woman's child as he would have cared for his own.

"Which way is she?" he asked.

"She's gone down de bayou, whar de hickory grows. She's gone off while I was workin' for missus, an' I spec's she be dead by dis time."

Without further question we started. Gail and Harris took their rifles, while the rest of us simply picked up such clubs as we could find to arm us. We had gone only a few rods when we heard the report of Gail's rifle, and then a shout from Harris. That hoot started us, for it was a painful one.

"I kill'ye! I kill'ye!" we heard Gail triumphantly. "That'ye don't go eat'n Sophy's child's little no much fo' him."

Another cry from the child came shrieking faintly upon the still air, and the howl of the dog followed it as we started on a run. Ben led the way, and I followed.

Sophy's boy was a Newfoundland cross with the common double-nosed pointer—a fine house-dog, and a good hunter, but not so strong as many other breeds of the same size. Yet he would have fought for his young master as long as there was life in him.

The child we all knew very well. She was only ten years of age, and one of the most beautiful and lively and vivacious things that ever so often found among the negroes who live in contrast in the midst of educated whites. She was the only child old Sophy had, and I really believe 'twould have broken the poor woman's heart to have lost her little child. Amid all her labors and toils she was the ly happy while the child was near; and if ever mother felt pride in her offspring Sophy felt pride in that wee bit of blackness.

Several times we had tried to persuade Sophy to remain at the house; but 'twas of no use, for as soon as the child left the house she could not reach her understanding. She ran along by our side, stopping her hands, and groaning with agony. Every time the cry of the child fell upon upon our ears she would call upon God to have mercy on her little one!

At length we reached the edge of the hickory grove, and it was evident that the child and dog were somewhere within. This grove was upon a gentle swell of land, and covered only by the thickest acres, running off in a point to the west ward and there joining a belt of elms that extended to the swamp. We entered the grove at the latter, and heard the cry of little Bess again. The voice of the dog came, too; but it was low when of pain, and we knew that he was nearly gone!

Sophy leaped on, and we followed her. We were sure of the direction now, and as there was no underbrush we hurried on without impediment. Then we had reached very near to the centre of the grove we saw Sophy fling up her arms, and heard a wild cry of despair break from her lips.

"She's dead! she's dead! Oh! my good, herse'f Lord o' mercy—she's dead an' gone! Oh! Mas'r Smit'!"

Thus speaking the woman rushed forward like a flash. We reached the spot were she had stood, and the whole scene was opened to us. Upon the ground lay the dog, still mangled and bloody, his eyes both out, and his face entirely torn in pieces. He was motionless and dead! Not ten feet from him, upon a low, flat rock, was the child, in a kneeling posture, with a huge wild-cat just fastening its claws into its dress! In a moment more the sharp fangs would have been upon the throat and in the flesh of the threat, and the life of the little one let out forever!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. R.—The steamship Great Eastern, which is being built at Millwall, England, is much larger than was Noah's Ark. The Ark was some four hundred and fifty feet long, and was about forty feet broad and forty feet high. The Great Eastern is seven hundred feet long, sixty feet deep, as many feet broad between the wheel-box, and seventy-five feet broad at its widest part. She is indeed a monster ship. The hull is composed of thirty thousand tons of iron, and the engines, which are of the power of 3,000,000, (yes, it is all one) horse, will weigh about 12,000 tons. She will give a pressure of a quarter of a mile around; and when completed will be capable of carrying in her cargo-way alone no less than 10,000 troops. The circumference of her paddle-wheels will be over one hundred and sixty feet each. She will contain ten boilers and one hundred furnaces, will carry 11,000 tons of coal, for which will be made ten hoods, and will require 6,000 years of days to coal. Her speed will be eighteen miles an hour, which is quite large in these days of knowledge.

Vermin should not be hasty in adopting an inmate, especially if not ready to send forward a handsome present. Such is the case with the "Toad-eater," who is ever ready and if he will only "eat" not enough. Wonderful fat fairings.

Intention—Joy of the long-cultivated hope. Experience Comforts are sound and reliable.

A Yankee lecturer writes us that several months ago a very facetious lady of his acquaintance claiming to remain in the fast she was fond of composing poetry on various subjects, he proposed in a humorous way that they should attempt something with a view to the encouragement of which she scratched on the mirrored sphere. Shortly afterward the gentleman received from the lady the following poetical effort with which members and non-members can enjoy it as well as he did. Here it is: "Oh, Mr. Lecturer, I'm sorry to be informed of the evident obscurity of one's celebrated brother's letters and at once ceased the correspondence. Believe me I've received unbecoming notice of your letter, and when the premises made in his letters, he will be mad for breach of promise of marriage, and it is regretted that the correspondence is so strained and contradictory that the case will be easily made out. In the famous case of "Bardell vs. Pickwick" Serjeant Buzfuz says the girl is handsome and well off, that he does not and cannot love her, and consequently he does not wish to marry her, nor does he wish to be sued for breach of promise. It seems that Pickwick was a widower, and Mrs. Bardell was his housekeeper. Mrs. Bardell was a widow, and Pickwick was a widower. Mrs. Bardell was a widow, and Pickwick was a widower. Mrs. Bardell was a widow, and Pickwick was a widower